The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1915.

Summary of the News

The circumstances under which the Ancona was torpedoed remain technically obscure. That is, the Government at Washington has not at present sufficient exact information on which to base a decision in regard to its future course of action. For the moral aspects of the case there is no need to go beyond the cynically brutal statement given out on Sunday by the Austro-Hungarian Admiralty, the burden of which was that, because all of the passengers and crew had not been able to get into the boats in forty-five minutes, by which time another steamer had appeared, the submarine was justified in sending to the bottom the vessel and what remained of its human freight.

As to the facts, there is direct contradiction between the Austrian statement and the note communicated by the Italian Government to the principal neutral capitals of the world. The former declares that warning was given, and that the Ancona was shelled only when she persisted in efforts to escape. The latter, supporting the statement of the Ancona's captain, asserts that no warning of any kind was given and that, after the disembarkation was begun, the lifeboats were shelled. Despite the assumption of responsibility by the Austrian Government, doubt persists as to the actual nationality of the submarine. Reports from Rome on Saturday were that the Italian Government took the view that it was German. It is stated that an American Consul has been ordered to Tunis to ascertain the facts and obtain sworn statements from survivors, especially from citizens of the United States. According to reports available as we write, 207 persons lost their lives. Only two Americans have been definitely reported among the saved.

The North Sea having been rendered by the British navy unsafe for submarines, these craft appear to have definitely transferred their operations to the Mediterranean. In addition to the Ancona, two Italian ships, the Firenze and the Bosnia, have been sunk in those waters, in both cases with attendant loss of life. It is probable also that most of the seven British ships and one French ship reported torpedoed during the past week were sunk in the Mediterranean, although the locale is not always given in the official announcements. It is worth noting that in Germany, according to the *Vossische Zeitung*, the ingenious idea begins to find favor that failure on the part of the United States to press her demands to Great Britain in regard to interference with neutral commerce will absolve Germany from her undertaking not to sink passenger liners without warning.

Second only in importance in the week's news to the sinking of the Ancona has been the revelation of ever-accumulating evidence regarding Teutonic belligerency in this neutral country. It is not even pretended that the fires which occurred on Wednesday and Thursday of last week in the Bethlehem and Roebling plants, causing damage in each case estimated at more than a million dollars, were of accidental origin. The impression of incendiarism is confirmed by the fact that at the same time three other fires were started in the Bethlehem plant, and that the fire-alarms in the Roebling plant had been tampered with. Dispatches from Berne on November 13 described the rejoicings in Germany over the destruction of part of the Bethlehem works.

It is understood that the Government is giving serious consideration to a series of articles published last week in the Providence *Journal*, which detailed the revelations of Dr. Joseph Goricar, an ex-member of the Austro-Hungarian Consular service, concerning alleged illicit activities of Austrian diplomatic officials in this country. It was stated on Sunday that the German, Fay, and the five other men under indictment for plotting damage to ships carrying munitions to the Allies would be brought to trial in the Federal Court as soon as possible, under statutes which apply to the crime of piracy. Fay was reported as being ready to turn State's evidence, but a long statement that he made on Monday appears to have contained no disclosures calculated to be of value to Federal officials in tracing the conspiracy to its source.

Negotiations between the Allied Powers and Greece appear to be reaching a crisis. The mission of Lord Kitchener, decided on hurriedly, as Mr. Asquith stated in the House of Commons on November 11, as a result of "serious information," is now generally accepted as having to do with the future attitude of Greece. That attitude appears to be governed by Byzantine subtlety. The renewal early last week to France of pledges of cordial neutrality "with the character of sincerest benevolence towards the Entente Powers" was closely followed (on November 11) by publication of a decree dissolving the Chamber and fixing elections for December 19. Dispatches on Tuesday stated that an intimation had been received from the Greek Government that any Allied troops seeking refuge in Greek territory would be disarmed. Lord Kitchener was reported on Tuesday to have arrived at Lemnos, and M. Denys Cochin, Minister without portfolio in the French Cabinet, to be at Athens. It is suggested that representations which may be made by Lord Kitchener may take the form of pointing out to King Constantine the unconstitutionality of his action in dissolving the Chamber, the ground for such representations being that the constitutionalism of Greece is guaranteed by Great Britain, France, and Russia.

In reply to a request for information in regard to the alleged searching by a British cruiser of the American steamship Zealandia, when the latter was within Mexican territorial waters, the British Embassy in Washington explained to the State Department on November 12 that the vessel at the time of the search was outside the three-mile limit. This statement is said to be in contradiction of the report of the Zealandia's captain. The State Department is endeavoring to ascertain the facts, and the American Consul at Progreso has been instructed to take affidavits of witnesses. In regard to the seizure of the American steamship Hocking, recorded in our issue of November 4, announcement was made by the State Department on November 11 that it had been informed by the British Government that the Hocking was seized in order to determine whether, although flying the American flag, she was an enemy vessel on account of ownership by German capital.

Austrian aeroplanes have conducted raids on Verona and Brescia. In the former place, thirty civilians were killed and forty-nine wounded. At Brescia seven were killed and ten wounded.

The new treaty between Haiti and the United States was ratified by the Haitian Senate on November 12.

A poll of the next Congress conducted by the National Security League, details of which appeared in Sunday's papers, indicates that there will be a majority in favor of the President's proposals for defence.

Dispatches from Berlin, under date of November 12, stated that virtually the entire food supply of Germany was expected soon to pass under governmental control. The German Chancellor in the Reichstag on the same date assured the Socialists that the hopes of the Entente Powers of starving Germany were doomed to disappointment. Dispatches of the following day from The Hague gave details of new regulations concerning foodstuffs, among interesting items of which is the prohibition of painting in oil colors. By way of Amsterdam has come news of a recent food riot in Düsseldorf.

Official announcement was made on November 12 that Winston Spencer Churchill, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, had resigned from the Cabinet, and would join the army in France. The announcement was accompanied by publication of correspondence that had passed between Mr. Asquith and Mr. Churchill in connection with the resignation. On Monday Mr. Churchill made a statement in the House of Commons in which he defended his record at the Admiralty. Mr. Churchill's frank statement was well received by the House. Another interesting incident in the House of Commons occurred on Thursday of last week, when both the Premier and Sir Edward Grey warmly defended Lord Haldane, attacks on whose patriotism have furnished one of the most discreditable episodes in England's conduct of the war. Sir Edward Grey revealed the fact that at the time of Lord Haldane's withdrawal from the Cabinet he himself would have resigned but for a crisis in public affairs.

The Ministers of Great Britain, France, Russia, and Japan were informed by the Chinese Minister for Foreign Affairs on November 11 that it had never been the intention of the Administration to change the form of Government hastily; that the majority of the provinces had voted in favor of the contemplated change to a monarchy, but that, owing to the preparations necessary for the ceremony, some delay in effecting the change would be inevitable.

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The Week

If universal service is the only way to secure real democracy, real justice and fairness, then the Kaiser is the greatest democrat alive. And for that matter, you find a great many Germans who insist that this is so. In Germany the courts of justice function with admirable impartiality. In Germany the laws are equitably enforced. And in Germany they have exactly Col. Roosevelt's habit of describing the particular way one wants to go as the only way. The only way from Germany to Paris was through Liège and Louvain. The only way to England was by sinking the Lusitania. Mr. Chesterton has pointed out this happy way of using a word to include its opposite. I believe in teetotalism if by teetotalism you mean the right of every man to take a drink when he wants it. I believe in quadrupeds if by a quadruped you understand an animal that has two legs or six or twenty-four as well as four. I believe in democracy if by democracy you mean universal service. Ask the man in the street if by democracy he understands a great standing army. Ask him whether America since the beginning has not meant industry as against armaments, and the will of the people as against the "only way" discovered by Kaiser or Bull Moose. Have your tremendous army if you must, but recognize that you will have more preparedness and less democracy.

The description, from a Bulgarian source, of the situation in Macedonia as another Gallipoli for the Allies, should not be altogether discouraging to the latter. For deadlock means a cessation of the Teuton-Bulgar advance. In southern Macedonia such a condition seems to be fairly established. From the Greek frontier along the Orient railway to Krivolak and the River Cerna and then westward along the Babuna heights, the limit for Bulgar progress has been apparently fixed, so that Sofia now intimates that her armies have already attained pretty nearly everything they were after, and failure to press further means no defeat. In central Servia, where the main army is retreating before the Teutons from the north and the Bulgars from the east, the campaign is also slackening up. Last week was a bad one for the Serbs. Their losses in prisoners after the capture of Nish and the battle of Krusevatz, which was the one big fight of the campaign, were considerable for a few days. The Teutonic pursuit has now slackened, the Bulgars are apparently consolidating their positions along the Morava and the Orient railway, and the Serbs are establishing a line of resistance in the heights north and east of the historic plain of Kossovo. On the other hand, of the rumored Allied counter-offensive there have as yet been few indications.

The activity of Teutonic submarines in the Mediterranean is, of course, closely connected with developments in the Balkans. Sending Allied troops into Salonica, on a scale demanded by the seriousness of the situation, imposes a strain upon the Allied fleets such as they have not previously experienced. Hitherto it has been the British boast that two and a half million men have been ferried to and from England with a loss of less than one per cent., and this loss was almost entirely in the Mediterranean. With a larger proportion of troops now going to the Near East, and the German Admiralty transferring its main submarine operations from the North Sea to the Mediterranean, the toll paid by the Allies is bound to rise. There is no possibility of guarding the long sea passage so effectively as the short lane across the Channel has been guarded. From Marseilles to Salonica is a matter of a week's voyage for passenger ships in times of peace. From Alexandria to Salonica is three days. The offset to this difficult situation is that the German submarines must also set out from the North Sea harbors for a long and perilous trip to southern waters. But once in the Mediterranean, there are the Austrian ports to serve as a base. From now on Great Britain must be prepared for much greater casualties at sea than she has hitherto sustained.

In spite of its effectiveness as a raider of enemy transports, the submarine retains its primary importance as a weapon of defence. Its rôle as a factor in the scheme of coast defence has repeatedly been emphasized. Advocates of "preparedness" against invasion of the United States will ultimately be forced to recognize the lesson of Heligoland and the Dardanelles with regard to the effectiveness of shore batteries, mines, and undersea boats against the attack of a fleet. But perhaps the most striking example of such effectiveness has been shown in the Baltic, as part of the general German operations against Russia. It is more than six months since the Germans occupied Libau, and at that time the fall of Riga seemed to be a matter of a week or two. It is nearly three and a half months since the Germans took Mitau, which is only twenty-nine miles by rail from Riga, the fall of which seemed then a matter of a few days. The capture of that great port could not but be a prime objective with the Germans. It would have facilitated the fall of Dvinsk and given them the line of the Dvina for ideal winter quarters. If the German advance there has been halted and turned into a defensive, the failure of the German fleet to break into the Gulf of Riga, with the consequent failure of transport by sea, has been largely responsible. And if Russian coast defence, supplemented by such submarines as England has succeeded in slipping into the Baltic, has been able to keep the Germans out of the Gulf of Riga, the case of coast defence at its weakest against attack at its conceivably strongest is clearly made out.

Reference to the American note to England was made at the Guildhall banquet by the new Attorney-General, Mr. F. E. Smith. He intimated that the British Government would make a reply, in which, he said, it would endeavor to justify its course on legal grounds, "not altogether," he added sarcastically, "without reference to authoritative decisions rendered by American courts." This opens up a fine prospect for the diplomatic lawyers. They will ransack 3 Wallace. They will play battledore and shuttlecock with the Springbok case and the Peterhof case. "It means exactly what we contend for." "Ah, but you have failed to consider what the court says in another passage." We all know the sort of thing that will be done. It will easily occupy the spare time of the Foreign Office and the State Department until the war is over—probably still longer. And when the diplomatic discussion is finally ended, the American claims for damages will doubtless be submitted to arbitration. Whereupon the distinguished jurists who compose the tribunal will in their turn wreak themselves upon the everlasting 3 Wallace, the agile Springbok case, and the Peterhof upon the rock of which international law was apparently *not* founded.

Had it [the fortress of Dvinsk] been of rock, experts declare, it would have been knocked to pieces long ago, but an artillery bombardment is of little avail against a sand fortress. . . . Exploding projectiles are smothered in the sand trenches skilfully laid out so that they are mutually outflanking.—[Vossische Zeitung.

While we, in this country, are citing the

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Bible for preparedness, the Germans, with characteristic enterprise, have discovered that the New Testament is no longer valid as a military textbook. For the Russians have built themselves a fortress upon the sands, and the rains descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and Gen. von Hindenburg has been compelled to fall back with his men and his guns out of a region converted into a swamp. At General Headquarters there may be some disappointment with an erroneous theory of fortifications which held from about A. D. 31 to the fall of Maubeuge and Novogeorgievsk, but there is probably no inclination to carry resentment further and say, "Gott strafe Matt. 7:24-27."

It was a year ago that the new Federal Reserve banking system went into operation. That event occurred at a moment when the financial situation in this country was still dark. Foreign exchange ran heavily against New York; our gold was moving out in quantity. The New York banks had but just emerged from a condition of large deficiency in reserves below the legal limit. The Stock Exchange was closed, fearing that its reopening would be followed by an avalanche of European liquidation of American securities, and by a consequent panic in our investment and money markets. How complete and dramatic a change has since then come over the American financial situation is attested by the great rise in our investment markets during 1915; by the unprecedentedly large gold imports; by the swing of the foreign exchanges, in a degree never witnessed during our time, in favor of New York; and finally, by the entry of the American financial community into the international market as the chief lender of money to all the outside world.

The preliminary signs of this reversal of position in American finance came in sight a very few weeks after the new banking system was inaugurated. Yet all discussions of this interesting anniversary are to-day calling attention to the fact that, during the past twelve months, the new banking facilities of the Federal Reserve system have practically remained untouched. Last week, with $329,253,000 cash reserve in all the twelve Federal Reserve Banks, total rediscounts were only $43,148,000, and Federal Reserve notes in circulation, not specifically covered by deposit of cash against them, were only $13,007,000. This is plain evidence that the facilities of the new banking system have not yet had to be employed. The reason lies on the face of things; the country's extraordinary gain in financial power, prestige, and banking resources came from the working-out of economic conditions due to the war itself. Yet it would not be right to overlook the influence which the fact of a sound and scientific banking and currency system may have had in promoting this very confidence of the outside world in the United States. Nor should it be forgotten that the existence, practically unused as yet, of these new safeguards and facilities for our country's financial system, has an immensely important bearing on the economic problems which will confront us in the later stages of the war, and on return of peace.

With the text of the opinions on the Arizona Alien-Labor law before us, it is possible to state not only that Justice McReynolds's dissent related solely to the form of the suit and not to the merits of the question at issue, but that he took care actually to state his accord with the other members of the Court upon the merits. After stating his opinion that the suit was a suit against the State of Arizona, and therefore beyond the powers of the Supreme Court, he adds: "That the challenged act is invalid I think admits of no serious doubt." Thus we have it as the unanimous judgment of the Supreme Court that any anti-alien law of the type of the Arizona enactment is in violation of the Fourteenth Amendment, and therefore void. So far, therefore, as private employment is concerned, there is an end of the question of statutory discrimination against aliens; whether the case will be found different as regards employment on public works remains to be seen. It is interesting to note in this regard that in the opinion of the Court, written by Justice Hughes, there occurs this remark: "The discrimination [i. e., that against aliens] defined by the act does not pertain to the regulation or distribution of the public domain, or of the common property or resources of the people of the State, the enjoyment of which may be limited to its citizens as against both aliens and the citizens of other States." A reference to the fact that the Arizona law "is not limited to persons who are engaged on public work or receive the benefit of public moneys," taken in conjunction with the sentence just quoted, would seem to indicate that the Court will find, in a law directed only against alien labor on public works, much more reason for doubt than in the Arizona law.

Booker Washington's death lends double interest to an article of his which has just appeared in the New York *Age* upon American duties in Haiti. It was written with especial reference to Haiti as presenting a race problem. The island's acceptance of the treaty establishing a virtual American protectorate was communicated to the State Department last week. Dr. Washington was concerned lest we send administrators there who might show insufficient sympathy with the black people, and who might attempt to draw a color line. "They must fit themselves to be white men in a black man's country if they want to live there and work there and have any influence whatever." But he hoped that young American colored men and women might go to Haiti to engage in educational and general social work. For this two things are necessary. The American Government must give a constructive direction to the work of its Receiver-General and Minister, as by seeing that part of the customs which we are to supervise goes for agricultural and industrial education. Negro agencies should follow this up by sending workers in education and industrial betterment. What is really to be desired, Dr. Washington's statement does not perhaps make sufficiently clear. It is that the American officers should not interfere in Haitian affairs at all except to correct wrong tendencies and to give helpful advice; and that American negroes should show a practical interest in teaching the race in Haiti some of the lessons in citizenship and governmental stability learned in the United States.

A wagon-load of generalities about the "ruin" of the Philippines is not worth one or two such facts as Governor-General Harrison presents in his letter to the head of the Far Eastern Bureau. By the deposit of Government funds in local banks, well secured, he has in two years made available to sugar and tobacco growers nearly 7,000,000 pesos for the development of their lands. The scope of this plan of rural credits he hopes to see doubled during the coming year. He is pushing the work of land survey and land registration; the courts have been reorganized; the permanent road and bridge system is being extended, while every effort is being made to render these highways profitable by teaching the natives their usefulness in agriculture. Though the removal of the export tax and the disturbances resulting from

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the war have made necessary the imposition of a business tax, it has been accepted without complaint, and the present fiscal year—coincident with the calendar year—will close with the first safe surplus for some time. Business conditions are better, according to tourists, than in "any other section of the world"; and "the relations between Filipinos and Americans are constantly growing more friendly." These concrete achievements are the best rebuttal of the allegation that, by a policy the main features of which have been the presentation to the Filipinos of the same ideal of ultimate self-government which Mr. Taft himself had previously held out, and a steady effort to teach the natives to take their due share in the government, the islands have been brought to the verge of disaster.

Mr. Garford, of Ohio, the leader of the Progressive party in that State, has found a new reason why his organization should give up. He tells it to a New York reporter. He has discovered that the American people have a very strong desire that there should be "only two parties" in the Presidential election next year. For a set of polite gentlemen like the Progressives, this hint is enough. If informed that "three is a crowd," they will not hesitate to take themselves out of the way. Yet in thus burying their party they score the complete triumph of one of its leading principles—"let the people rule." The people have ruled that there shall no longer be a Progressive party, and so, in obedience to the inner law of its life, it gracefully seeks death. By expiring, it wins a greater victory than it was able to compass while living.

America does not produce so many Nobel prize-winners that a man thus singled out might not be supposed to have first reached a considerable popular reputation. But another evidence of the Cinderella part played by abstract science in this country appears in the necessity for printing a short identifying biography with the announcement that Prof. Theodore W. Richards has been awarded the belated 1914 prize for the most important chemical discovery or invention. It would be easy to name a half-dozen men in America who have become well known in industrial chemistry, but there is no path to popular fame in the revision of the atomic weights of the more common elements, or in investigations of changing atomic volume. In Germany, where the award to Professor Richards has been noted with a satisfaction born of the fact that he studied under Nernst and Ostwald, and made public his first discoveries under the auspices of the German Chemical Society, he was probably better known than anywhere outside New England. In the scientific world international recognition of marked achievement is prompt, and the Harvard chemist had already received a large number of honors from British and Continental sources. In few other lands would such a prophet have been without more honor at home.

Such a life as that of Dr. Edward L. Trudeau shows what scientific zeal can do when conjoined with humane impulse. He was an investigator, but also a public benefactor. A pioneer in the open-air treatment of tuberculosis, and a tireless worker in his laboratory, his most durable satisfaction he found in the relief of suffering and the cure of tuberculosis patients from among the working classes. It was accident that led him to Saranac Lake, but it was no accident that identified his name with that spot and gave it a reputation all over the world as the site at once of profound studies of the nature of a terrible disease and of a sanatorium where thousands found hope and health. In his lifetime Dr. Trudeau received the fullest professional recognition and, what he valued more, abundant testimonials of personal esteem and gratitude. He lives in Stevenson's pages, and he will live longer in the hearts of those who have known his healing touch and been in contact with his fine nature.

An echo of the legal difficulties of the merger of Harvard and Massachusetts "Tech" comes from Philadelphia, where plans for a union of the University of Pennsylvania and the Medico-Chirurgical College are approaching realization. The legal barriers are now down, and the duplication of plant and effort long existing seems now near an end. Under the new arrangement, the Medico-Chirurgical College will become the graduate school of the University, thus not only ceasing to compete with it, but affording larger opportunities for students of medicine. Philadelphia already has a wide reputation as a centre of schools of medicine, and this virtual absorption of one of them by another should mean a gain rather than a loss in every particular except that of the mere number of institutions. On that point, the report of the Carnegie Foundation a few years ago was not only illuminating, but provocative of changes. The mortality of inefficient or worse than inefficient medical schools since then has been large. But it is easier to get rid of these than to stop the duplication of work by adjoining schools each of which is well established and of good repute.

If any doubt the permanent place of the Indian in American imagination, they need only look at the part he plays in every nature-study movement. The latest example is an open-air club for working girls which was addressed at its first meeting by a Sioux in costume, and which will spend its first indoor hours in Indian study under a special leader. Members are expected to read, not Burroughs or Thoreau, but "at least one standard book on the life of the American Indian." Half the impulse of the boy scouts and such organizations is in this country derived from their imitation of Indian tactics. Scarcely a volume written upon camp life and woodcraft but offers us Indian lore by the chapter. All this is apart from the influence of Cooper's and Mayne Reid's stories in predisposing youth to interest in outdoors. The Indian is rapidly becoming the great god Pan of our natural world, our great mentor in nature study, and the great historical figure that gives romance to every forest path. This is the more true, the more urban we become. When the members of even a working girls' organization have to be able to identify ten native trees, ten native birds, and fifteen wild flowers, the function of the noble red man in educating cockneys cannot be doubted.

One indication of clearing skies in Mexico is the Government figures showing an increase of $1,000,000 over last year in our September exports to that country, and of nearly $3,000,000 in our imports from it. Trade is thus being resumed in the nearly prostrated land. Meanwhile the situation faced by Villa is as desperate as that confronting Lee when Grant and Sherman moved simultaneously upon him in the spring of 1865. His army has just been badly beaten at Agua Prieta and forced away to the west towards Naco, on the border, without adequate supplies or means of getting them. From the south a Carranzista force is approaching Naco along the railway from Hermosillo, while from the east Obregon's army is pressing him from Agua Prieta. At the same time the Zapatistas in Morelos are reported to be losing coherence, and to be surrendering in groups of thousands in response to Carranza's offer of amnesty.

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OUR GOVERNMENT AND AUSTRIA.

Our State Department has in its hands a flat contradiction between the official statements of two foreign nations. The Italian Government, believing that the submarine which sank the Ancona and killed 200 noncombatants was German, declares that the ship was fired upon without previous notice to stop. But the Austrian Admiralty, assuming that the submarine was Austrian, asserts that the Ancona refused to heave to when warned, and "fled at full speed." Evidently, here is a question of fact, relating to the laws of naval warfare, which the Washington Administration must clear up before it can take decisive action. In its notes to Germany, it accepted the rule that the captain of a merchant vessel, duly warned by a submarine, took the responsibility upon himself of an attempt to resist or to escape. Whether the captain of the Ancona did this or not goes to the heart of the case. The facts must be established beyond doubt.

One fact, however, stands admitted by the statement of the Austrian Admiralty. This is that the sinking of the Ancona was done in the most brutal manner. Whether the firing upon the Italian ship was technically justified or not, her torpedoing, with many passengers still on board, was nothing less than murder. One has no patience with the Austrian pretence that the crew of the Ancona was at fault. It is adding insult to assassination to say that the victims of the Austrian shell-fire were thrown into a panic. And the excuse that "another steamer was approaching," and that therefore it was not safe for the submarine to stay longer, is very like the excuse of a burglar that he had to kill the man he was robbing, because he heard the police coming. It would have been an excuse for the submarine to submerge and go away. Her commander could have reported his danger as sufficient reason for leaving the Ancona afloat. But ruthlessly to sink her before fleeing to safety himself was exactly what a pirate would have done.

And this, be it remembered, is a part of the deed for which the Austrian Admiralty assumes responsibility, that has nothing to do with the question whether the Ancona was or was not signalled to stop. There are two steps in the capture of an enemy merchantman. She must be warned; next, the safety of her passengers and crew must be provided for. When this cannot be done, the ship must be allowed to proceed. Such was the practice of the Emden repeatedly, in the early months of the war. It was simply a recognition of the duty laid upon the captain of a cruiser. And the commander of a submarine rests under the same obligation. This was distinctly laid down by our Government in the first Lusitania note. In it the German Government was informed that the United States could not contemplate the possibility of allowing a submarine to sink a passenger ship in such a way as to "leave her crew and all on board of her to the mercy of the sea in her small boats." And in the second Lusitania note our Government used strong words about the disregard of law as well as of humanity which would be shown by any commander of a submarine who, without "actual resistance," or "refusal to stop," should "so much as put the lives of those on board in jeopardy."

In all this, surely, President Wilson has laid broad the foundations upon which he may stand in dealing with Austria, as soon as the facts in regard to the Ancona are removed from dispute. Our position is enormously strengthened by what we have been able to exact from Germany. People are already forgetting what was achieved. We do not now refer to those who are publicly rending their garments and heaping ashes upon their heads and crying out upon the cowardice of the President and the shame of the country. In these shrill outcries we hear, first of all, those who keenly regret that this country has not somehow managed to get into the war, and, secondly, those who are ready to use any partisan weapon against the President. But we know that, wholly apart from these hysterical or malicious assailants of Mr. Wilson, there are many who think that he has been too patient and deliberate, and fear that he will be so in this new affair with Austria. But they ought not in fairness to dismiss from memory so soon all that patience and deliberation won in the negotiations with Germany over the Arabic.

That chapter is closed. It was a long one, but the end crowned the work. And there seems no reason to expect that the new chapter, now opened, need be lengthy. As soon as a clear basis for proceeding is established, our Government has only to insist that Austria concede promptly what was slowly wrung from Germany. Certainly, the Austrian Government could, in this matter, look for no aid and comfort from its German ally. It would almost surely get, rather, advice to follow the German example and to yield to the just demands of the United States. As for Americans, they cannot complain of the Administration for waiting till the whole truth is known. Even those of them who want to go to war do not desire a hair-trigger war. And the rest may well be asked to possess their souls in patience until they see whether Austria is not brought to give us satisfaction as Germany has done in the case of the Arabic and as we must presume she will do in the case of the Lusitania, still pending.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE NEW YORK POSTMASTERSHIP.

The approaching expiration of Edward M. Morgan's second term as head of the leading post office of the country places before President Wilson a question which admits of no compromise, and the decision of which is bound to have a profound influence upon his standing before the nation. By his entire past record, whether as teacher or as political leader, he is essentially pledged to a view of the public service under which the retention of an officer of Mr. Morgan's ability and life-long experience is a simple duty. If the President should fail in it there would be but one interpretation of the act, no matter how excellent might be the character or general qualifications of the man who was put into Mr. Morgan's place. Plausible reasons might be given for the choice of the new official, plausible excuses might be adduced even for the shelving of the man who has so efficiently filled the important post to which he has risen from the bottom of the ladder. But all this would be brushed aside by the simple and straightforward common-sense of the people. The country would pronounce its verdict in the single word, "politics."

And even if the politics were not Tammany politics, the damage that such a verdict would do the President's moral standing before the country would be very great. This might be more or less of an injustice to him; but it would be sure to happen. No man has set his ideal of public duty higher than has Mr. Wilson. If there is one thing that he stands for more than any other, it is the placing of the public life of the Republic upon the highest possible plane. But nothing is more certain, nothing more notorious, than that this cannot be so long as the administrative offices of the nation—offices in no way involving any question of governmental policy—are treated as party spoils. Here is a thing in which we fall short not only of our own ideals, but of the ordinary practice of all the other leading nations of the world. Moreover, it is a thing in which, in the course of the past thirty years, we have made most gratifying progress, and upon which enlightened public

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opinion is unanimous. To throw Postmaster Morgan overboard would be a flagrant offence against standards of action which are no longer mere aspirations, but have come to be regarded as practically binding upon any right-minded Executive. While we have not yet reached the point of excluding "politics" from this whole class of appointments, we *have* attained the stage where it is only at the cost of severe and general condemnation that a man in Mr. Wilson's position can place the demands of party calculation above the claims of public service, in a case where those claims are of such preëminent force as they are in this instance. A false step would deeply grieve a host of the President's friends, and would put into the hands of his opponents a powerful weapon.

All this would be so if the question of Tammany did not enter at all into the case. But the reasons against the displacement of Mr. Morgan are enormously reinforced by the consideration of Tammany's part in the matter. From the standpoint of mere political calculation, it is plain that the President would be worse off if he put an anti-Tammany Democrat into the office than if he simply retained Mr. Morgan. Tammany would be far less resentful of a non-partisan policy in the matter than of a policy directed against the Fourteenth Street organization. If, on the other hand, the President were to name a Tammany man—or even a half-Tammany man, a man agreeable to Tammany—everybody would read in the act a desire on the part of the President to conciliate Tammany, even at the sacrifice of the clear dictates of sound administration. How damaging that would be to the President's reputation, one can best realize by recalling the part that was played by Mr. Wilson's and Mr. Bryan's hostility to Murphy in the proceedings at Baltimore which culminated in Mr. Wilson's nomination.

Viewed, therefore, either as a matter of immediate expediency or as a matter of principle, the displacement of Postmaster Morgan would be one of the most serious errors the President could commit in the field of domestic politics. As for the principle involved, it would be a mistake to regard it as merely a matter of retaining a public servant of exceptional fitness. Far more is involved than that. To make the civil service a career, a career that will attract men of high quality, it is essential that there be held out to those who manifest such quality in long-continued and effective service the reward that naturally attaches to it. Too seldom does it happen that this principle is asserted to the degree that it has been in the case of Mr. Morgan, who, beginning work in the New York post office at the age of eighteen, has risen to be its head, and is universally recognized as possessing a unique mastery of its needs and its problems. To dismiss him would be to turn back, perhaps by many years, the progress we are making towards the general recognition of the principle. We cannot believe that Mr. Wilson will consent to inflict such an injury upon the prospects of governmental improvement. In the midst of the tremendous international problems that beset him, he may not find time to look closely into the case. But fortunately it is a case in which the right answer is also the easy answer. There is no difficulty, no complexity, in saying No. And for the very desire he has most at heart, the desire that he may have behind him the hearty confidence and support of the nation in this crisis, it is of the utmost importance that he shall not give a handle to enemies, detractors, and party opponents by a false step in a matter that does not inherently present any reason for doubt or hesitation.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

In Booker Washington the country loses not only a leader, but one who was in his person a real triumph of democracy. Born a slave, in the aftermath of the war he even slept under the wooden pavements of Richmond, a waif and stray, keeping body and soul together as best he could, but burning with the thirst for education and the desire to get ahead in the world. A colored friend of Dr. Washington's, Richard R. Wright, when also a ragged urchin, answered, in Reconstruction days, a Northern general who asked what message he should take back to the North, with the words: "Tell 'em we'se a-risin', master." Both these boys did rise—to the headship of great educational institutions; but Dr. Washington had the gift of oratory in addition to pluck, ambition, and an innate talent for leadership, and so he forged along until by a single speech in Georgia he achieved national renown. It was Gen. Armstrong, if we recall rightly, who said that if Hampton had done nothing else but graduate Booker Washington, it would have justified its existence and all the labor and money spent upon it.

If there was any secret of his success in overcoming the terrible obstacles which confront every man of color, it lay surely in his unfailing hopefulness, his dogged determination to let no obstacle daunt him, and to be himself above insult or humiliation. He was big enough to see early in life that the man who flouts another because of some difference in natural attributes, injures himself, and not the object of his venom. No disappointment could discourage him; if one benefactor dropped out, he found another for the place; if his audiences were small and the returns disappointing, why, there were other audiences to be found. And so he speedily typified in his person all the great work that Hampton and Tuskegee and a host of other schools were doing for his race, and proved beyond dispute how that work of bringing light to those that would otherwise sit in darkness earns enormous dividends not only for the blacks, but for the entire Republic. Thus thousands who heard him speak realized for the first time what talents, what possibilities of individual usefulness, lie latent among our colored fellow-citizens, and others found in his "Up from Slavery" a real tract for democracy and for the brotherhood of man. A Southern professor nearly lost his position for saying that two colored men, Washington and Du Bois, had written the two greatest books that have come out of the South since the Civil War, but the inaccuracy of his statement has yet to be proved; two more moving human documents are not often the product of travail and suffering.

And so it came about that Booker Washington gradually became the foremost interpreter of one race to another, particularly in the South. When the final verdict is passed upon his achievements, this may well prove to be his greatest claim to renown. Certainly of late years the trips he has taken into the various Southern States, when thousands of both races gathered to hear him wherever he stopped, have been of the utmost value. No one is quite so ignorant of negro aspirations and achievements as the Southerner of the average small town, whose horizon is limited by the negroes he sees upon the street corners. To these Dr. Washington brought a message that opened many an eye and won many a heart. True, he was extremely diplomatic; yet he did not lack courage, for he was never swerved by the threatening letters that often rained upon him. He would not take a guard, and unattended he would go by corners at which he had been told he would be shot like a dog if he dared appear. And, withal, his modest bearing, together with his great devotion to his cause, won him friends wherever he went. Here in the North the doors of many a home swung open to him.

Yet he was not the standard-bearer of a united race. It is a rare educational leader

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who does not compromise on some questions, and in his peculiarly trying position, where a single false step might mean the ruining of his work—even the burning of his school—Dr. Washington did not speak out on the things which the intellectual men of the race deemed of far greater moment than bricks and mortar, industrial education, or business leagues—the matter of their social and political liberties. He was silent by choice in the face of many a crying wrong and bitter injustice, and more and more colored men came to resent it. They would not have objected had he, like other heads of schools, kept out of politics and assumed no leadership beyond that of the field of industrial training. But when they saw him, under Taft and Roosevelt, a powerful political factor in the White House, when they saw him in the attitude of a race leader forever dwelling upon the bright side of the picture and having no words of fiery indignation for injustices that cry out to high Heaven for redress, the unhappiness grew until men openly accused him of selling their birthright for a mess of pottage.

However he may have erred, the sum total of the good he did far outweighs the rest. One has only to try to picture the situation as it would have been in the South today without him, to realize how much he achieved. True, he preached the gospel the South wished to hear, because it suggested menial labor, but it was a great thing to those who knew the attitude of the South towards any education for the negro in ante-bellum and post-bellum days to win it over to any form of training that involved books. Some one must lay the foundations, and in preaching industry, thrift, the acquisition of property, correctness of life and bearing, and sticking to the farm, Dr. Washington preached the doctrine most needed by the bulk of the colored people; for it is upon that foundation of orderliness and good citizenship that a superstructure must be built without which the negro cannot come into his own. Other leaders there are to speak for higher ideals and higher aims towards which the evolution must be certain if our American democracy is to be a true democracy, and more and more such leaders will arise. But in this hour of a great loss to both races it is to be hoped that Dr. Washington's death will recall to the nation's attention, as did his life, that there are great talents to be found among the negroes, as there are certain to be great negro contributions to our literature, our science, our drama, our music, our arts, if only we can bring ourselves to strike from the limbs of Lincoln's freedmen the shackles of ignorance, oppression, prejudice, and injustice with which the race that vaunts itself superior still fetters them.

THE WORLD OF TO-MORROW.

Japan has consecrated her Emperor. China has decided to experiment a little longer with republican institutions. India is described as mutinying against English rule; on doubtful authority, but of discontent and ferment in India we have little reason to doubt. Asia's "teeming millions" crop up every little while in our discussions of world-politics, but it is a cold and stereotyped phrase demanded by the conventionalities of the theme. It is still true that when we speak of the world-war and of the world as it will look after the war, we think almost exclusively of the nations of the West. What will happen to seven million Belgians, what will happen to less than five million Serbs, is a more entrancing question than what the war will do for more than three hundred million people in India or nearly three hundred and fifty million in China. Where India and China are taken into account, they still figure as mere appendages to Western interests. Will Teutonic or Allied influence in China be paramount after the war? How seriously are the German threats against British rule in India to be taken? In other words, will India belong to Great Britain or will it pass under Germanic influences? We admit that Asiatic problems have been brought into closer touch with Western problems, but when we speak of the great settlement after the war, the settlement of Asia hardly enters into the reckoning except as it may enter as an incidental factor in the rearrangement of affairs in Europe.

Yet we have the example of Japan to show that Asia cannot go on indefinitely as a mere appendage of Western interests and civilization. The Emperor Yoshihito was crowned with all the rites of an ancient ceremonial, but the Japan of Yoshihito is no longer Asiatic in the sense of being dependent on the West. In the war with Russia the Japanese nation entered into the sphere of world-interests, but only to the extent that Asia was affected. Japan to-day is fully admitted into the confraternity of European nations. She is a member of an alliance that is waging a war arising out of European conditions, and, though her military operations have not extended outside of the Pacific, she is in a very direct fashion contributing her share towards the "settlement" of Europe. She is supplying Russia with munitions. She is reported to be lending money to France. The mere fact that the dispatch of a Japanese army to Europe is a subject of discussion shows to what extent the barriers between the West and Asia have been removed, so far as Japan is concerned. In this suggestion of Japanese troops fighting the battles of the Allies in the West, there is clear proof of how completely, in her case, the traditional superiority of the West to the peoples of Asia has vanished. It is rather a compliment of the highest kind to Japanese resourcefulness and efficiency that statesmen should think it a comparatively simple matter for Japan to send a quarter of a million men five thousand miles away from home with the assurance of victory.

No close parallel can be drawn between Japan and India. But among the people of India there are at work the same desires that actuated the founders of the new Japan, the ambition to be treated, not as anybody's problem or "burden," but as an entity whose own interests must receive consideration independent of the effect on Western world-power. The case against Great Britain, as revolutionary India sees it, has recently been summed up with unmistakable vigor by a native of India. Mr. Wagel's assertions may perhaps be controverted in part. His implication that India should receive complete self-government—if not independence, then autonomy—will impress a great many people as not falling within the field of immediate practical politics. But where the writer's case does hold good is in its protest against a state of mind rather than a set of conditions; the state of mind, namely, that such concessions as are offered to the people of India must be just sufficient to hold discontent in check. The people of India are entitled to more than they can obtain through the threat of general sedition. The object of British statesmanship should not be to keep the people of India quiet, but to facilitate their education towards self-government. The white man's burden as a permanent condition for the people of India has lost its validity in view of the unmistakable trend among the peoples of Asia towards ultimate self-rule. Even partial concessions work to this end. In placating Indian sentiment by the establishment of more and more universities, by the admission of natives to the Executive Council, by supplying wider opportunities in the civil service, the British Government is only strengthening the educated classes in India and feeding the appetite for fuller liberties.

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The state of mind against which the new spirit among the peoples in Asia protests is the one which sees the world as made up of two continents only, and which regards a world-settlement as any settlement that regulates matters in these two continents, with a minimum of cutting and trimming here and there in Africa and Asia to make the Western adjustment as smooth as may be. "We shall not falter or pause," said Mr. Asquith, "until we have secured for the smaller states of Europe their charter of independence, and for Europe itself final emancipation from a reign of force." But radical opinion in India fails to understand why a war fought in Asia as well as in Europe, and one in which the people of India are taking part, should leave Asia out of account in the settlement. There are Indian aspirations as well as Serb and Polish aspirations. Asia is part of the world. Unquestionably, the war will bring about a wider recognition of the true area of the globe, if only through the fact that it has brought together on the battlefield a more extraordinary mingling of races than the Roman armies ever witnessed—from America, from Africa, from Australia, and from Asia, as well as from Europe.

THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY LIBRARY.

A history of the Harvard Library, just published in connection with the opening of the Widener Memorial building, shows clearly how the University's growth has been marked by its stages of book-collection, how its books have always been its heart. This University library, like most others, has been built up through the care and sacrifice of groups comparatively small. Its beginnings were theological, but before 1700 we not only find critics recognizing the fact, but benefactors remedying it. By the end of the Revolution it contained "thirteen thousand books, disposed in ten alcoves." With the new century began a steady increase which still continues, the library having doubled approximately every twenty years. It received its second special fund only in 1801, but like gifts have come to it till they now total over a million dollars. Almost the first special collections were the Boylston medical books and John Quincy Adams's Russian books; such collections are now enumerated by the score. The expansion of University courses in recent years might be gauged by the appointment of new curators—in Modern Italian History, in South American Literature, and a dozen other subjects. "Sturdy beggars," as the librarians have been called, have been increasingly zealous in making new books lead the way to new fields. There are now nearly two million books, to furnish the facilities in a thousand different studies.

It is not many decades since the place and value of a college library were ill understood. That was the day of texts, with few lectures, and hence little required reading; the students were left almost entirely to their own choice; the libraries were poorly classified and arranged, and many branches were open only on certain days; while administration was so poor that investigation was arduous rather than attractive. There is still remembered the library head who used indignantly to inquire: "No provision for students? Why should there be? They have all they can do to take care of their daily work." The remarkable advance in administration has been the work of a quarter-century. It was not until fifty years ago that Harvard really had a librarian in the modern sense; and it was not until the coming of Justin Winsor that her collections achieved their full usefulness. "The mere accumulation of books," said Winsor in his first report, "is not in itself sufficient: a great library should be a workshop as well as a repository." This the modern college library, with its systems of reserved shelves, its seminar and departmental libraries, presided over by scholars specially qualified to act as guides, its general reading rooms, and its efficient system of classification and cataloguing, has become.

The method of administering a college library by a corps of central officers reached its maximum of efficiency some years ago. A general oversight has to be retained in some officer or officers, and the attention of specialists has consistently been fixed upon the best methods of cataloguing, shelving, delivering, and general organization. But as the peculiar functions of departmental libraries have developed, it has been necessary to have experts who can treat the library of a department as its "laboratory," and who can make the seminar collections of the department of Romance languages or of sociology as useful as—for example—the head of the Harvard Law School Library was making his ten years ago. Harvard now has her eleven departmental libraries and thirty-eight special libraries, administered in partial independence of the general library. And the results upon the student body of the more complex method of book-handling and distribution are now fairly plain. The great gain, in a general literary sense, is probably in the large opportunities to introduce students to the great field of bibliography and book-classification, and to enable them to understand the wealth of information to which a few simple keys will give admission.

That college students no longer browse as they once did, that they do not spend solid hours in library alcoves, is a common complaint. Some libraries may once have neglected the general reader. But there is nowadays a very frequent provision of some central stock of ten thousand volumes or so. If these are attractively arranged, they are a standing temptation to the student. If care is taken in their classification, they reveal the relation among various parts of the world of thought, and may lead the undergraduate to read with some systematic scheme. At any rate, no university library should be without something answering to a "college study" to attract and hold the casual reader.

Foreign Correspondence

FRANCE AND RIGHTS OF NEUTRALS—IS THERE INTERNATIONAL LAW?

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, October 30.

The note addressed by the American Government to the English Government concerning the rights and wrongs of Orders in Council and the rights of neutrals to non-contraband trade with belligerents and what does or does not constitute a technically legal blockade interests France vaguely in its details. In substance, whether Germans shall continue to be fed up to prime fighting condition by Chicago preserved meats is of vital interest to her; and France has her own controversy to like effect with Switzerland, and, indirectly, with the United States. In general, the academic discussion is heard with a certain wearied attention—for the previous question presents itself more and more to every French mind, Is there any international law left?

Not the United States nor Switzerland nor any neutral Power protested against the violation of the neutrality of Belgium and Luxemburg, although such neutrality was supposed to be guaranteed by international law, based on treaties. This is not all. The French nation, relying on the treaties and international law, had never fortified its Belgian frontier; and any attempt at safeguarding such a frontier would have been proclaimed a *casus belli* by Germany in the name of international law. The invasion of France by Germany across Belgium was therefore a doubly flagrant violation of whatever international law existed. That is, Germany invaded precisely a frontier of France which international law pretended to guarantee against invasion.

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This is very justly noted by Prof. Ernest Denis, when, in the name of the International League of the Right of Peoples, of which he was president before the war, he declined the recent invitation of a Neutral Peace Association to preliminary conversations intended to lead up to formal conferences and ultimately to a peace congress.

"A part of France is occupied by Germans who burn, pillage, rob, and assassinate—in unceasing violation of the law of nations.

"If a part of France is thus in the power of Germans, it is not as a consequence of battles engaged loyally. This fact has not been brought out in sufficient relief. The German invasion could not have been made by the frontier where France had the right to establish permanent defences. (Herr von Jagow acknowledged this in his conversation with the British Ambassador, on August 4, 1914.) The aggression took place by the frontier of the north (France's Belgian frontier), of whose inviolability France had been assured by treaties, and which, for this reason, she had not fortified."

Whenever, therefore, Americans plead international law against England, they must expect to hear Frenchmen say: "Plead rather your own self-regarding legality—for, indeed, you have not maintained the existence of any international law regarding all nations."

Knowing this, I have asked here and there opinions—without prejudice—concerning the existence and the particulars of an international law between England and the United States in the present conjuncture. The French have fairly threshed out their own contentions with Switzerland, and they are occupying themselves with Spain—and they are quite willing to let England fight her own lawsuits. I have, however, gathered three very general impressions of the average man—the man in the street—who has received those very elementary notions of international law which President Woolsey, of ancient Yale, thought essential to any liberal education.

First, there is the feeling that much of the legality which Americans now claim was made by themselves—quite logically, of course—during their Civil War; and that they ought to admit the possibility of further logical consequences in the new turn war has taken.

Secondly, if Mexico during the Civil War had been a trading neutral country, with easy communication across her frontier into the Confederacy, would the principle now put forward by the Government at Washington with regard to Scandinavian trade and equal rights for neutral America based on it have been admitted in favor of England and France?

Thirdly, since the introduction of non-contraband goods and payments for exported products may suffice to turn the economic and financial scale in favor of a belligerent country having a land frontier with a neutral, may not the legality claimed by Americans as neutrals amount to a very unneutral casting of their influence in favor of said belligerent? At this rate, only an island or a country like the Southern Confederacy having in practice nothing but an ocean frontier could ever be made to undergo an efficient blockade. Thus the military power of England from her navy would run up against all this contradictory legality—which is called international in virtue of precedents rather than of conventions, for these war has now smashed from the base up.

Legally, all this may be very uninteresting, and doubtless, Americans must maintain their own legality. All the same, is there not somewhere here a *reductio ad absurdum* of an international law without logic and without sanction? Surely, it is well that Americans should advert to this consequence of their present contention as well as to its legal principles.

With Switzerland, France has had to deal more "objectively," if I may still use German scientific slang. Switzerland is an island surrounded by land, and all the lands around her are at war one with another. To Switzerland which is neutral in between, each belligerent country—France and Italy, Germany and Austria—may give of her own as she pleases and may allow other neutral nations to send—in transit across her own territory—what she pleases. I do not think Americans have claimed the right to send their wheat and petroleum freely through France or Italy into Switzerland.

So far poor Switzerland has had many things to suffer in her stomach and her pocket; and she runs the risk of suffering cold this winter from lack of coal. In the first months of war a tragic embargo was put on pastry through fear of a flour famine. At the grocers' shops, twice a week, a long line of women, with various vessels in their hands, waited for the dole of a quart of kerosene. Only military automobiles were seen. Little by little, a *modus vivendi* has been reached for many staples of life that must cross suspicious frontiers.

The Federal Council itself has had to take the responsibility of the wheat and petroleum received through France not getting further—into Germany. Germany now threatens to stop off coal if used in manufactures that may help France. On the other hand, Germany demands "compensations" in French imports for her own products which she allows to enter Switzerland! It must be acknowledged that France has shown greater consideration for Swiss necessities, in spite of a home campaign more or less well grounded against that underhand provisioning of Germany which is charged on Switzerland. In this Swiss extremity, with Federal sanction, a funny "trust" S.S.S.—*Société de Surveillance Suisse*—has been organized to reassure both sides; but there are breakers ahead. So there is a republic of neutrals suffering yet more virtuously than the United States from this war puzzle.

The particulars of the Spanish underground railway to and from Germany, into and out of France, might be more racy still if they were known. The French authorities have eyes fully open to them. And this can only furnish one more proof that international law, in the present state of the world's civilization, is very largely a matter of international comity—and of a country's honesty.

THE EXODUS TO HOLLAND IN PICTURES—DISSENSIONS AMONG THE BELGIAN EXILES.

By A. J. BARNOUW.

THE HAGUE, October 26.

On October 8, the anniversary of the fall of Antwerp, an exhibition was opened at The Hague of sixty-three drawings by the Dutch painter, Leo Gestel, all illustrating the miseries of the Belgian exodus into Holland. Leo Gestel has lived through various episodes of that eventful time, and has recorded them with brush and pencil in scenes so throbbing with woe and speechless agony as to haunt the mind for days after. The most impressive are those in which the artist shows the interminable, wave-like procession of the wearily tramping crowd: young, thin-faced mothers with deep-sunk eyes, dragging their children along and bending under the burden of all their belongings tied up in bundles; old women wheeling a perambulator turned into a removal van; street-walkers in showy furs and painted faces; young fellows with lowering looks, carrying heavy bags slung over their shoulders, or pushing a wheelbarrow in which an old paralyzed father is propped up against a pillow; dirty patriarchal Jews and dangerous-looking hooligans; tottering omnibuses packed on the top with an indistinct mass in which nothing but heads and arms and fists and dangling legs can be descried; and over this sea of tearless despair a dark sky looms, lit up in the far distance by the lurid glare of a town on fire. Pictures like these are mighty epics in black and white. But the artist has also observed these poor exiles in their higgledy-piggledy, makeshift camps, improvised on sodden fields by the roadside, in the shelter of a haystack, and in drenching rain with only a straggling tent or the tilt of a cart to cover them. Still, after the former, these resting scenes are pleasant to behold, and the artist, who drew the flight in black only, has painted these camping episodes in bright, transparent water-colors. The collection reveals the powers of a great artist, and is a lasting monument both to his own fame and to that terror-stricken flight of half a nation.

The Belgians, at that time fraternized by affliction, have, in their exile, resumed the old political quarrels by which the nation was sadly divided before the war. In a letter to the *Nation*, published in its issue of April 22, I considered it possible that the danger from abroad would eventually prove a means of consolidating the Walloon and Flemish elements. But when the first terror of the invasion and flight had subsided, and the war dragged on with hardly a change to stir their flagging hope of a speedy return to their abandoned homes, the refugees, in the monotony of their prolonged residence abroad, fell back upon the discussion of the old political and racial problems, to discuss which means to quarrel about them. The Walloon press, irritated by the cringing attitude of that Germanophile paper *De Vlaamsche Post*, edited at Ghent by a few misguided Flamingants under the German censor's control, began to upbraid the Flemish in general with treason to the Belgian cause, quite disregarding the telling fact that the majority of the Belgian soldiers who are fighting for that cause are true-born Flemings. "Vous suivrez la culture latine ou vous ne serez rien," they were told in that haughty tone which is the Walloon's usual manner in dealing with his Flemish brother.

The challenge was not left unanswered, and, which is worse, became the cause of dissension among the Flemings themselves, dividing them into two hostile camps with widely different ideals and aspirations. The one which seems to be the larger of the two adheres to the cause of Belgium as a matter of paramount interest, second to which comes the cause of Flanders. For that reason, this party disapproves of the gauntlet being taken up by the Flemings which the Walloon press had thrown at them. But the other

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group raised the cry: "Flanders first, Belgium second." These Flemings do not care for a free Belgium in which a Walloon Government should again rule over an unenfranchised Flanders, as it did before the war. They demand home rule for Flanders in the Belgium of to-morrow, and they will not wait till the new day dawns, but want to extort from the Government at Havre a definite promise that autonomy shall be granted them. They are the die-hards, the Flamingants through thick and thin. Their principal spokesmen are the poet René de Clercq and a young philologist, Dr. Jacob. Together they edit *De Vlaamsche Stem,* which has lately passed into their hands. Originally this paper, which is published at Amsterdam, was meant to be a meeting ground for all Flemings in exile. The founder, Mr. Alberik de Swarte, conducted his paper in a true spirit of Belgian patriotism, avoiding all fruitless polemics on domestic discord, and representing the liberation of Belgium as the Fleming's nearest duty. But this attitude implied a compromise with the Gallophile Government at Havre, and the die-hards, once roused by the Walloon challenge, would not hear of such a compromise so long as home rule was not guaranteed to Flanders. Either group had its adherents among Mr. de Swarte's staff. Mr. René de Clercq, his co-editor from the beginning, stood up in opposition to him, and succeeded in persuading Mr. de Swarte to resign, leaving *De Vlaamsche Stem* in the hands of the extremists.

The other group, the "Flanders next to Belgium" men, have at once started a new paper, a weekly called *Vrij België* (Free Belgium), by the choice of this title asserting their devotion to King Albert's country. *Vrij België* accuses Mr. de Clercq of bringing grist to the German mill by starting his anti-Government action while this Government is still in exile; Mr. de Clercq, in his turn, reproaches the *Vrij België* leaders with faintheartedness and betrayal of the Flemish cause. "It need not concern us whether a Flemish Flanders is to the interest of Germany, it suffices us to know that it is of the highest importance to our people," writes Mr. de Clercq's co-editor, Dr. Jacob. And while this leader, in happy unconcern of Germany's interests, is dictating to his followers the tenets of true Flamingantism, the anything but disinterested German conqueror at Ghent dictates to a few Germanophile Flemish journalists the tenets of true Pan-Germanism for the edification and instruction of the subscribers to *De Vlaamsche Post.* In this paper, the agitation for an autonomous Flanders has lately, under German auspices, gone to the extent of summoning the Flemish to open rebellion against their exiled rulers. "Thus far," writes one of these hotheads, "we Flemings have been satisfied with begging and talking—we had better smash windows and preach revolt against our Frenchified Government when it returns to Brussels." And while such irresponsible penmen are compromising the Flemish cause, branding it with the suspicion of apostasy, Flemish soldiers are daily shedding their blood in defence of that country for whose unity their writing leaders pretend not to care!

Which must we take as the truer reflex of the Flemish people's mind: the journalist's word or the soldier's deed?

No doubt the latter. The average Fleming cares not for the nice distinctions which cause schism between intellectual Flamingants. He feels one craving: an undisturbed possession of his native soil; he knows one truth: that his enemy, who denies him that peace, is the German. And he expresses that conviction with laconic eloquence by calling *De Vlaamsche Post,* which dickers with the enemy, *De Vlaamsche Pest* (The Flemish Pestilence).

Gogol

A PRECURSOR OF MODERN REALISTS IN RUSSIA.*

By G. R. NOYES.

Not many years ago a lecturer on literature, of more than local reputation, and of unusual talent for catching the attention of the typical summer-school public, commented somewhat as follows on the gloomy, depressing tone of Russian authors: "Just think of even the titles of their works! 'Dead Souls'! The very name is enough to send a shiver through one's frame!" Poor Gogol! This lecturer was not more ignorant of him than are most other professors of literature, but he ought to have read at least a few pages of a book that is a spiritual cousin of "Huckleberry Finn" and "The Gentle Grafter" before he indulged in reflections on its serio-comic title.

Turgenieff, Dostoievski, and Tolstoy have been well translated into English, and have won not only the enthusiastic admiration of discriminating judges, but genuine popularity. Gogol (1809-52), their predecessor, the great realist and satirist who, together with the poet Pushkin, laid the foundations for all modern Russian literature, has had no such good fortune. No collected edition of even his best work has ever been printed in English. Most translations of single works that have appeared are now out of print. There could be no more worthy enterprise for friends of Russia than to prepare a proper edition of Gogol, with an adequate account of his life and literary significance. An edition of this kind ought at least to pay its own way.

The Russophile enthusiasm awakened by the present war has as yet done little for Gogol. In particular, the reissue of an anonymous translation of his masterpiece, "Dead Souls," apparently the version originally published by Vizetelly in 1887, cannot be regarded with satisfaction. The translator seems to have had a competent knowledge of Russian and English, but he capriciously omitted important paragraphs, and even whole pages, of the original. Such are the description of Sobakevich as a bear in chapter v, Gogol's moralizing on his own task in chapter vii, and his famous apostrophe to Russia in chapter xi. Furthermore, Gogol printed only eleven chapters of his projected comic epic, which, however, form a well-rounded whole. Of a sequel, hopelessly inferior in talent, he left only fragments, which were published after his death. The translation prints continuously Gogol's finished work and his fragments, with no hint of the gap between them, and then adds a continuation of the book by one Vaschenko-Zakharchenko that is forgotten and unregarded in Russia. The new introduction furnished by Stephen Graham is perfunctory and uninforming. Altogether, the volume does not command respect.

**Dead Souls,* by Nikolai V. Gogol. Translated from the Russian, with an introduction by Stephen Graham. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.25 net.

I.

Gogol is of all Russian writers the nearest akin to Mark Twain or O. Henry. He has the same command of the grotesque, the same blending of fantastic humor with occasional homely pathos, the same lack of any intellectual, philosophic insight into the depths of human character such as lends distinction to the work of his great successors. This very likeness to our American humorists has hindered Gogol from winning the wide fame that he deserves. He is no master of plot; the subjects of both "The Inspector" and "Dead Souls" were suggested to him by Pushkin. His whole narrative art lies in stringing together, around some central figure, a succession of amusing incidents. His genius is in the creation of clear, distinct characters. These characters, however, are not types of universal significance, like Don Quixote and his squire, but rather local, Russian oddities. His humor and pathos are expressed through an unfamiliar medium that in our eyes dims their brilliancy. His grafters are like our own, but, like O. Henry, Gogol emphasizes not their souls but the tools of their trade, and those tools were emphatically made in Russia. Hence the humorous portraits that are so rich in suggestion to Gogol's countrymen may lose their savor in a translation. The difficulty is the same with other humorists, say, with Aristophanes. But no one attempts to read Aristophanes who has not a certain elementary knowledge of Athenian life, while a similar knowledge of Russian conditions is not yet a necessary part of even the most finished literary education.

Yet Gogol was too great a man of letters for us to sum up his genius by any such crude formulas and comparisons as have been suggested. He grew up in the romantic period of Russian literature, and paid toll to its spirit. "Taras Bulba" is a splendidly successful tale of the Cossack wars against Poland. Here we have the Cossack point of view of the conflict described by Sienkiewicz in "With Fire and Sword." A small volume, "Taras Bulba" has a barbaric largeness of setting. This prose epic is full of a boyish delight in conflict that recalls hours spent with "Marmion." The conventional love story is virtually absent; mere adventure and bloodshed are raised to the level of art by an Homeric vigor of style. So in the ghost story, "The Viy" (translated as "The King of the Gnomes"), Gogol succeeds in giving literary form to some of the grimmer elements of popular superstition. A gay young student, bethinking him-

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self of the prayers appropriate to his plight, overcomes and beats to death a witch who has attacked him and ridden him over the fields by night. The witch revenges herself by having the student forced to read prayers for three successive nights over her dead body. For two nights he faces valiantly the evil spirits who crowd about his charmed circle; on the third, just before cock-crow, he dies from terror at the sight of the Viy, a subterranean goblin:

Suddenly the church became quiet. The howling of wolves was heard in the distance, and soon heavy steps echoed through the church. Glancing sideways, Homa saw that they were leading forward a stout, squatty, bandy-legged being. He was all covered with black earth. His legs and arms, sprinkled with earth, resembled stout, sinewy roots. He stepped heavily and continually stumbled. His long eyelashes reached to the floor. With terror Homa remarked that his face was of iron. Supporting him under the arms, they led him up and placed him just opposite the place where Homa was standing.

"Lift up my eyelashes; I cannot see," said the Viy in a subterranean voice, and the whole throng rushed to raise his eyelashes.

"Do not look!" an inner voice whispered to the student. He could not refrain—he looked.

"That is he!" cried the Viy and levelled an iron finger at him. And all the spirits in the church rushed upon the student. Fainting, he crashed upon the floor, and there for very terror his spirit left him.

But "Taras Bulba" and "The Viy," however excellent in themselves, are subordinate incidents in Gogol's career. His genius was essentially realistic and satiric. It expressed itself best in a short story, "The Overcoat"; in a farce-comedy, "The Inspector," and in "Dead Souls."

Akaki Akakievich, the hero of "The Overcoat," is a copying-clerk of some fifty years, who by conscientious, unremitting toil barely earns enough to keep himself alive. His overcoat wears out and he suffers incredible privations in order to buy another:

He thought and thought and decided that he would have to lessen his ordinary expenses, at least for a year; to give up drinking tea in the evening and not to light a candle in the evening, and if he had some work to do, to go into the landlady's room and work by her candle; when he walked the streets, to step over the stones and slabs as lightly and cautiously as he could, almost on tiptoe, in order not to wear out the soles of his boots too fast. . . . To tell the truth, at first it was somewhat hard for him to get accustomed to such privations, but later he got used to them and all went well—he even learned how to get along without eating anything at all in the evening. To make up for that, he nourished himself spiritually, cherishing in his thoughts the eternal idea of his future overcoat.

At last he procures the overcoat, only to have it stolen from him that same evening. He soon catches cold, takes to his bed, and dies, more from a broken heart than from the fever. Such is the slender plot of a tale that is rightly termed the germ of the Russian novel. Gogol loved to discourse on the invisible tears that lay hidden beneath the laughter of his writings. In this tale they are not hidden at all. Sympathy, compelling human sympathy, runs through this portrait of a man of no moment in the great world:

The young clerks laughed and jested at Akaki Akakievich to the full measure of their office wit; they related in his presence various stories that they had made up about him; they told how his landlady, an old woman of seventy, used to beat him, and would ask when they were going to be married; they sprinkled bits of paper on his head and called it snow. But never a word would Akaki Akakievich reply to all this, behaving as though he were quite alone in the room. It did not even have any influence on his work; in the midst of all these annoyances he did not make a single mistake in his writing. Only when the joking became quite unbearable, when they joggled his elbow and kept him from attending to his business, he would say: "Let me alone! Why do you insult me?" And there was something strange in these words and in the voice with which they were uttered. In it could be heard something that moved one to pity, so that one young man, who had only recently entered the office, and who had permitted himself to follow the example of his comrades in making fun of Akaki Akakievich, suddenly stopped as though stricken with fear, and from that time on all seemed changed before his eyes and appeared to him in a different light. Some supernatural force repelled him from the comrades with whom he had become acquainted and whom he had taken for decent, cultivated fellows. And long after that, in his merriest moments, there would arise before him the figure of a short little clerk with a bald spot on his forehead, and with those piercing words of his: "Let me alone! Why do you insult me?" And in these piercing words there rang out other words: "I am thy brother." And the poor young man covered his face in his hands. and many times did he tremble in his later life when he saw how much inhumanity there is in man, how much fierce cruelty is hidden beneath refined, cultivated society manners, and, O God! even in many a man whom the world recognizes as noble and honorable.

Such tears it is difficult to discover beneath the ludicrous satire of "The Inspector." A drunken scapegrace, detained at a provincial inn for want of cash to continue his travels, is mistaken by the mayor and other town functionaries for the inspector sent from St. Petersburg to examine their conduct of affairs. At first nonplussed at the situation in which he finds himself, he has just sense enough to enter into the part, "borrow" money from all whom he meets, and make his escape before the imposture forced upon him is discovered and before the real inspector appears. The comedy portrays a small world of petty graft and bribery. It has held the stage as part of the répertoire of almost every Russian theatre from Gogol's day to our own.

II.

The whole-souled laughter of "The Inspector" (1836) made Gogol dear to the souls of Russian liberals. Here was a man, they argued, who dared to rebuke spiritual wickedness in high places. His fame as a reformer was increased by "Dead Souls" (1842). This book shows the same world of graft, ignorance, and stupidity, but of graft, ignorance, and stupidity that spread over all Russia.

In days before the emancipation of the serfs (1861) the wealth of a Russian country gentleman was estimated by the number of *souls* or serfs whom he possessed, and he was taxed so much per soul for his human property. A census of *souls* was made at irregular intervals. In 1842, nine years after the census of 1833, a serf-owner would still be paying taxes on certain serfs who had died since the official count was made. Furthermore, the Government, in order to encourage colonization, offered tracts of land in southern Russia to any one who would settle there with enough serfs to till the soil. Here, then, are the elements of the bunco scheme that gives the title to Gogol's book. A swindler seeks to buy up *dead souls* by the hundred. With the papers representing his property he will go to the land office and claim a tract of land for colonization. Once possessed of this, he will mortgage serfs and land to the Government for hard cash.

In the portion of the book that he completed Gogol narrates the experiences of his swindler in one town and the surrounding country districts. There he meets different types of landowners: a silly, kindly dreamer, a loose-lived gambler, a wooden-headed old woman, a skinflint, and a miser. He purchases some souls and records the transaction at the proper office. He excites the curiosity and the gossip of the townspeople and drives off in search of further fields to exploit. The volume excels by its wonderfully concrete picture of the seamy side of Russian provincial life. Each satirical portrait is polished with perfect skill. Nothing great is exhibited, not even great villany; murder, robbery, adultery, are not subjects that Gogol cares to treat. But no satire remains longer in the memory and grows less stale with repeated readings. Nozdrev and Sobakevich are types as familiar to the Russians as are Falstaff and Dogberry to ourselves. And a discerning reader finds tears rather than wrath beneath Gogol's ridicule. He has performed with perfect art his task of presenting a series of abhorrent types while preserving an attitude of human kindliness and charity. Even the base Chichikov, the swindler, he hoped some time to bring to redemption.

Gogol was now the idol of all progressive Russians. We are in the time of Nicholas I, be it remembered, when the censorship was at its worst. No criticism of the Government, no open discussion of political, economic, or social problems, was possible in the press. Fiction and literary criticism were, however, a vehicle by means of which at least a point of view as to the state of Russia, and the measures needed to promote its progress, could be put forward. Hence the seriousness with which the Russian public scanned the works of its great

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artists for indications of their social theories. And, surely, no man had more bitingly shown the urgent need of reform than Gogol, with his vivid, sad, and true pictures of Russian corruption, ignorance, sloth, and coarse brutality. Suddenly Gogol issued, in 1846, a volume that effected a revolution in the public estimate of him, "Selections from my Correspondence with Friends."

III.

As a matter of fact, when reflecting on public questions rather than picturing real conditions, Gogol had always been a conservative. He believed in personal honesty, decency, piety, and kindliness, morality of the sort that keeps families at peace. Of social philosophy he knew not a word; his ideal was the patriarchal old times, untouched by the money economics that were already creeping into Russia in his day. In serfdom, execrated by all Russians of the least progressive tendencies, he firmly believed as a divinely ordained institution. Into "Dead Souls" he wove lyric passages that breathe an unreflecting, boyish faith in the supreme excellence of Russia and its superiority to all other nations. Always a devoted member of the Russian Church, in his later years he became a religious fanatic. His new book breathes a devotional spirit and is aimed at the instruction of his fellow-countrymen. He adopts the tone of a prophet, proclaiming the virtues of autocracy and orthodoxy, and fulmining forth his scorn of western self-government and western education.

A state without an autocratic monarch is a mere automaton; it will do much, very much if it reaches the point that the United States have reached. And what are the United States? Carrion. Man in them is so withered that he is not worth a sucked egg-shell. A state without an autocratic monarch is like an orchestra without a leader: however good all the musicians may be, if there be not among them one who by the motion of his bâton gives signals to the whole orchestra, the concert will amount to nothing.

Elsewhere he warns serf-owners from teaching their cattle to read, except for the purpose of perusing religious works. A village priest can give better instruction to hard-working peasants than "all the empty little books published for the common people by European philanthropists."

The "Selections" aroused the righteous wrath of the great critic Bielinski, the leader of Russian liberal thought, who addressed to Gogol a letter in which he hailed him as "preacher of the knout, apostle of ignorance, champion of obscurantism and insane bigotry, panegyrist of Tatar manners." Two or three sentences will show the tone of this famous document:

Russia sees its salvation not in mysticism, not in asceticism, not in pietism, but in the progress of civilization, culture, and humanity. It needs neither sermons nor prayers, but the awakening in the people of a feeling of human dignity, for so many ages lost in dirt and filth. . . . The most living, pressing national questions in Russia now are the abolishment of serfdom and of corporal punishment and the strictest possible execution of what laws we have. . . .

Remark one point. When a European, especially a Catholic, is seized by the religious spirit, he becomes a rebuker of unjust authority like the Hebrew prophets who rebuked the lawlessness of the mighty men of the earth. With us the contrary is the case. When a man (even a decent man) is seized by the disease known among psychiatrists as *religiosa mania*, he immediately begins to burn incense to the god on earth rather than to the God in heaven, and so exceeds all due measure that the very man who would like to reward him for his slavish zeal sees that he would thereby compromise himself in the eyes of society.

Bielinski has overstated the case. On the one hand, Gogol was not insincere or a renegade in his piety. On the other, though Bielinski's indictment still holds good against the powerful League of Russian People, Jew-baiters in the name of Christ and sanctimonious champions of despotism, it will not fit the Russian nation as a whole. Of this the most powerful witness is Leo Tolstoy.

Like Gogol, Tolstoy rejected the artistic works that had brought him fame, and in his later years assumed the tone of a prophet. Between the doctrines of the two men one can find now and then a chance resemblance: Gogol's advice to officials' wives that they economize on dress and so preserve their husbands from the temptation to take bribes, might seem a comic first hint of Tolstoy's doctrine of the simple life. But really a whole abyss separates the two men. Just as Gogol's "Overcoat" gave the hint for Dostoievski's "Poor Folk," so Gogol's fanaticism was a more concrete, less mystical forerunner of Dostoievski's chauvinistic religiosity. In contrast to these two panegyrists of the established order, these slaves of a moribund tradition, Tolstoy is a free man and a rebel against government in the name of moral perfection for the individual. Whatever measure of truth there may be in his doctrine, in his character and temper he fulfils Bielinski's description of a religious leader in the free west.

IV.

Gogol died under a cloud, disliked by progressive Russians because of his "Selections," and disliked by the authorities because of the negative tendencies of his artistic works. Turgenieff was punished for writing an article in which he termed him a great man. Bielinski pronounced "Dead Souls" a classic exclusively of Russia, and Korobka, one of the most recent critics of Gogol, chimes in with his opinion. But as time passes and Russian history and life become more familiar to outside nations, "Dead Souls" may after all prove to be a world classic. Rascality and meanness are independent of political barriers. A writer who can depict them as nothing but meanness and rascality, yet with a charity that does not refuse a handshake to the sneak and the rascal, with the light of humor that makes all men brothers, deserves a place among the great satirists and fun-makers of all ages.

Correspondence.

DEATH-SONG OF THE MARINE FUSILIERS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: *La Maison du Passeur* ("Ferryman's House") was—until it was no more—somewhere on the right bank of the Yser Canal between Ypres and Dixmude. On the 14th of December, 1914, after a month's attacks by French and Belgian marines, it was taken finally from the German invaders; and all counter-attacks, even with the far-famed heavy artillery, have been in vain. As late as the 22d of February, 1915, a Belgian officer fell gloriously fighting there and his King pinned the Leopold Cross to his coat where he lay dead. The Belgian *communiqué* of the 452d day of war (October 29) still speaks of "violent combat" at the place.

Name and place have already entered legend, and four of the canal ferries in this short space claim the honor. They are all stations on what the Belgians call "the way to death." "When our men hear they must go to the 'Thank'—the name they give it at the front—there where death watches and the foe casts without stop his bombs and shells, they look about them wildly; but they hold to this 'Way to Death' and yield not an inch of it."

Of the real Ferryman's House, only ochre-colored bricks and bits of green shutters lie pell-mell with the stones of the foundations where the waterline is still marked by a few surviving poplars and willows and tall elm-trees of these Flanders flats. Those who would know more of the deeds of men done in "this great flat land, streaked with canals, more of the water than of earth," should read "Dixmude—a chapter of the history of the Marine Fusiliers," by Charles le Goffic, although his narrative does not reach as late as the present episode.

To understand the last stanza of the stirring song here translated line by line, remember that, after Joan of Arc, known to all the world, Bara and Vialat are the thirteen-year-old boys sung in the "Chant du Départ," dead at their post like the English boy who stood on the burning deck; d'Assas was the French captain who, scouting alone, fell giving the alarm—*à moi, Auvergne!* while Bayard is, of course, the *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.*

S. D.

Paris, October 29.

LA MAISON DU PASSEUR.

By Lucien Boyer.

Ferryman, ho! In the night so black
Hark to the clank of iron:
'Tis heroes of the Yser,
'Tis sweethearts of glory,
'Tis lads who are unafraid!
Ferryman, ho!

The down is bathed in the dark of night,
Heaven has shut its dead-lights,
And marines, blue-collared lads,
Creeping under the moonless sky,
Come to cut the invaders' throats—
Ferryman, ho!

Ferryman, ho! the task is rude,
But, when time comes for action,
In vain their cannon bellow and roar,
Each of us says as we did at Dixmude:
—"For France, in death or victory."
Ferryman, ho!

Swifter! strain upon your oars,
To the bank where we'll be dying,

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We're in a hurry to get to land.
Swifter! you are bringing our souls
To Paradise where men have hearts—
Ferryman, ho!

Joan of Arc, the hero maid,
Bara the boy with Vialat,
D'Assas and Bayard, all are there,
Smiling to us from the other shore
In a blaze of light resplendent—
Ferryman, ho!

EDUARD MEYER'S NOTION OF AMERICAN "RED BLOOD."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In his recent book, "Nord-Amerika und Deutschland," Prof. Eduard Meyer, of the University of Berlin, explains to the Germans why they should be indifferent to American opinion or even proud of its disfavor. To strengthen this conviction, he publishes a letter from an unnamed American correspondent.

"Um den Eindruck der kräftigen, schwungvollen Worte nicht abzuschwächen," he gives the English original; and, for the benefit of his countrymen whose mastery of our language is less thorough than his own, he translates it. His correspondent declares (p. 65): "The men in whose veins courses rich red blood are for Germany. . . ." Professor Meyer translates the sentence: "Die Männer, in deren Adern eine reiche Beimischung roten Blutes fliesst, sind für Deutschland. . . . ;" and not content, adds in a footnote the following remarks: "Während die Vermischung mit Negern in Amerika seit dem Bürgerkriege für ein verabscheuenswürdiges Verbrechen gegen die weisse Rasse gilt, und jeder, der sich derartiges zuschulden kommen lässt, aus der Gesellschaft ausgestossen und als Paria behandelt wird, gilt die Vermischung mit Indianern für unanstössig, ja sie wird geradezu gesucht. In Virginia und dessen Nachbargebieten ist es ein stolzer Adelstitel, wenn jemand der Abstammung von Pokahuntas, der halb sagenhaften Häuptlingstochter aus der Zeit der Entdeckung, sich rühmen kann; in Texas besteht die gesamte altansässige Bevölkerung aus Mischlingen von Indianern und Weissen (während Neger aus dem Staat völlig ferngehalten werden), und in dem neuen Staat Oklahoma sind Ehen mit Töchtern von Indianern ganz gewöhnlich, weil diesen ein grosser Teil des Grundbesitzes gehört. Ich bemerke übrigens, dass der Schreiber des Briefes weder selbst indianisches Blut in den Adern hat, noch mit einer Indianerin vermählt ist."

("While intermixture with negroes has been regarded in America ever since the Civil War as a horrible crime against the white race, and every one guilty of it is ostracized from society and treated as a Pariah, intermixture with Indians is not offensive, and is indeed sought after. In Virginia and neighboring States it is considered a claim to the highest aristocracy if one can boast of being descended from Pocahontas, the half legendary daughter of an Indian chieftain at the time of the discovery of America. In Texas the entire old settled population consists of a mixture of Indians and whites (though negroes are excluded altogether), and in the new State of Oklahoma marriages with the daughters of Indians are quite usual, since Indians own a large part of the landed property. I may add that the writer of the letter neither has Indian blood in his veins nor is married to an Indian.")

Professor Meyer, however, expresses no joy over the sympathies of this seemingly large and influential element of our population; nor does he discuss the possibility that our "red-blooded" stock may some time bring us a warlike spirit with, perhaps, the attendant blessings of Prussian *Kultur*. When damning us to the degenerate future of a peace-loving nation, he leaves this important aspect of the case quite untouched.

Richard S. Meriam.

Geneva, Switzerland, October 22.

SENTIMENT ON THE WAR IN THE NORTHWEST.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The reactions of the public in this northwestern part of the country towards the war are worth recording. As everybody knows, the German element here is very strong. St. Paul is almost as German a city as Minneapolis is Scandinavian. And we are close to that great German settlement along the Minnesota River the capital of which is New Ulm. Hence for the first nine months or so of the war German sentiment was most in evidence, and the newspapers, anxious to maintain their circulation, presented the point of view of Berlin with great elaboration, and were constantly alert to say nothing that might offend their Teutonic subscribers. The average man, inclined to that easiest of fallacies that, where there are two opinions, the right must be somewhere between, was often unpleasantly self-righteous in his determination to follow the President's injunction of strict neutrality. Again and again one heard that both sides were to blame. The Scandinavian element—the less intelligent part of it—was on the whole favorable to Germany, though many of the leaders were pro-Ally.

All that seems to have been changed within the last few months. The newspapers, quickly responsive to changes of popular opinion, have at length become plain-spoken, more plain-spoken than they would dare be if their circulation or advertising were in danger. The farmers and the working people, who have been reading for themselves and who know a great deal more about international politics than ever before, have come to fear German ambitions. The Scandinavians, provoked by German interference with Swedish and Danish commerce, and inclined to be fair-minded, are much less favorable to Germany than at first. In this shift of sentiment, the Germans have been of real service. Their ill-judged utterances in defence of the Lusitania and Arabic outrages, as well as of Miss Cavell's execution, have served to interpret the Teutonic spirit to the public.

The change of opinion is decidedly manifest among university students, who in a State university are fairly representative of popular sentiment; it is manifest in street cars and shops, in country hotels, indeed, in all sorts of places. It is significant that, when a former Secretary of State passed through here recently on his errand of peace, he received less notice than an up-State politician in town, and his doved words were listened to by a suburban woman's club. There is still German sentiment, New Ulm is still breathing forth threatenings and slaughter, but it is on the defensive.

Wallace Notestein.

Minneapolis, November 4.

INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETICS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the current issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* is "An Indictment of Intercollegiate Athletics," by Mr. W. T. Foster, president of Reed College, on the ground that the system (1) aims to win games, (2) attempts to make money, and (3) has the athletic prestige of the college as the main desideratum. I would like, as an upper-classman of an Eastern university, to express what I consider to be the main arguments which the undergraduates may oppose to President Foster's indictment.

The criticism of the system on the score that its object is to win games is at the same time a criticism of human nature—particularly of human nature as it is found in youths of twenty years. The spirit of good sport is inherent in the blood at that age, and the race may well be thankful that it is. And the fact that the game is desired makes victory desired, for the game that is not worth winning is not worth playing.

As for making money for the college by intercollegiate athletics, the general situation, I think, is that whatever money is made during the football season is turned back to make up the deficit arising from sports and contests during the remainder of the college year. And I know of no case where the object of charging admission to intercollegiate contests is not to carry on the work of building up the physique of all students who are willing to take advantage of the facilities offered them in the form of boathouses, gymnasiums, etc. Further, I know of no case in which these facilities have not tended to lie idle for want of enthusiasm on the part of the students, until some incentive for their use, such as intercollegiate contests, is furnished. Intercollegiate rivalry is of vast importance. It lends an invaluable *esprit de corps* to the undergraduate body—a community interest, and the subordination of the individual to that interest. Every time one college team plays another the whole undergraduate body is put to the test of battle.

In attacking the system President Foster is opposing a custom that is as old as time. It is the same thing that the mediæval chroniclers have in mind when they tell us of whole armies deciding their contest by means of a duel between the leaders. Not that the institution must be worthy because it is an ancient one; yet its very age tends to demonstrate that the athletic system is a natural phase of the physical leadership of the few—just as we have always had religious, intellectual, and political leadership of the few. And here, it seems to me, President Foster fails to point out the greatest possibility of evil pertaining to the system—the danger that social groups may be built about the system on the basis of athletic prowess. It must be admitted that social success based on athletics is a dangerous one, and likely to throw a man's ideas of relative character-values hopelessly out of normal balance. This is, however, a criticism more of the student's personal attitude than of the system itself.

President Foster suggests a system of intracollegiate athletics, which he calls "athletics for education." Yet it seems to me that he fails to show why such a system would necessarily preclude the existence of intercollegiate athletics at the same time. The two systems do exist in several cases without any lack of harmony because of the com-

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bination of the two. In fact, every college in the country where there are any facilities for physical development has in reality a system of "athletics for education," in the sense that men engaged in such exercise seldom have a college team as their goal.

As for the sordid accoutrements of intercollegiate athletics—cheap sportsmen, gamblers, and indifferent scholars—these are not, I think, the fault of the system, as President Foster seems to believe. Rather we may say they are not worthy of the system. Intercollegiate athletics are an incentive to, and a means of, acquiring true college spirit—which is the farthest possible removed from the puerile insanity of the "rah-rah boy."

A. L. G., Jr.

Cambridge, Mass., November 5.

WASHINGTON SQUARE AND BOSTON IN FICTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: May I be allowed to express some surprise at the question raised by your reviewer of "The Crown of Life" (November 4, p. 548)? Is the earlier James completely obscured by his present style? Is Howells entirely a back number? It appears that Washington Square continues in print and "Silas Lapham" is still listed among the best American books; some go so far as to count it our best American novel. I had supposed that James as the inventor and perfecter of the international novel had done that very thing the reviewer laments as undone, namely, to make New York, its atmosphere and influence, as real and potent in fiction as are London and Paris. Certainly a short generation ago it was the glory or the shame of Howells to have become so obsessed with Boston as to be able to write of nothing else. Beacon Street, the Back Bay, even the South End, became to us more familiar than Hoosierdom. If Washington Square is in James quaint, if the Boston society which knew Bromfield Corey was other-worldly, surely these qualities appear not from anything amateurish in the writers, but because of a set purpose so to present them. Surely the success with which Howells has accomplished his purpose of writing the Odyssey of Boston cannot safely be challenged. It is hard for one who has lived there to tell which seems the more real, the Boston of brick and concrete or the Boston of Howells's printed page. If James is less perfect as a guide to New York, can't Mrs. Wharton supplement his shortcomings? Can't Howells's own aid be invoked as he contrasts in "A Hazard of New Fortunes" the staid and familar Boston with the new and rapid New York?

Wm. H. Powers.

Brookings, S. D., November 8.

[Of course, Mr. Powers is right; my generalization does not hold water. Oddly enough, "Silas Lapham," which I adore, did not exist in my consciousness when I gave vent to what was not better than a little flare of impatience at the woodenness and amateurishness of the current Boston novel. There was a Boston of Dr. Holmes, and a Boston of Mr. Howells, and now all we have is the Boston of Judge Grant and the rest; a place which has consciously kept or consciously changed its manners—and has lost its personality. Is Boston responsible for the feebleness of her interpreters? That is really what I was asking myself. Certainly, Mr. Howells knew when he had enough of her!—The Reviewer.]

KNOWLEDGE OF THE MILKY WAY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Professor Hart need not ask astronomers whether the lines

> Thus unseen stars i' th' Element
> United make the Milky Way

might have been written as early as 1630-1650. As early as 1612 Bacon, in his essay on Fortune, wrote: "The way of fortune is like the Milken Way in the sky, which is a meeting or knot of a number of small stars, *not seen asunder*, but giving light together."

Ernest Bernbaum.

Harvard University, November 8.

Notes from the Capital

SAMUEL WALKER McCALL.

Any commentator on the recent elections must be short-sighted who ignores the significance of the political resurgence of Samuel Walker McCall. There is a common assumption that Massachusetts is normally too well grounded a Republican State to furnish an available candidate for the Presidency in a critical year; but there is one Bay State man already in the field, and it seems to many shrewd observers that conditions may arise making it necessary to push McCall in ahead of Weeks to meet an emergency. It would not be the first time that national executive honors have moved his way. In the convention of 1912 which renominated Taft and Sherman, he was very seriously considered by the party managers for Sherman's place. They realized that Sherman was not a well man physically, and the campaign threatened to be a hard one; Taft was not going to arouse any popular enthusiasm, and they felt that he ought to have a running mate who would stir things up. Into the midst of the discussion of McCall some one threw the word "reciprocity," and then it was recalled that one of McCall's speeches in the House favoring reciprocal tariff concessions had attracted wide attention. This settled it; for among the most difficult tasks of the campaign was likely to be that of explaining away, for the benefit of the old-fashioned, hard-shell rural Republicans, the attitude of Taft on that very point.

In spite of his leanings towards reciprocity, McCall is a protectionist; he demands only that his party shall not drive a willing horse to death. He is a moderationist in everything, and the extremists long ago gave up their fruitless efforts to stampede him. When the Jingoes were prancing up and down the aisles of the House in the early spring of 1898, crazy to jump at Spain's throat, he maintained his usual calm demeanor. Matters presently reached a stage where every man had to declare himself with no uncertain voice. "Now we'll see McCall climb down from his perch!" cried the Jingoes, gleefully. They did, but it was on the wrong side from their point of view, for he voted against the war. It was of no consequence to him that he was warned that he would be the only man in the Massachusetts delegation to take such a stand: his sole regret was that there were not more to look at the question dispassionately, and to exhaust the resources of patience and diplomacy before proceeding to bloodshed. The war came and went, and left us with a colonial system for which the Constitution had made no provision. As a member of the Ways and Means Committee he stood out alone again in warning the United States not to copy, in its treatment of Porto Rico, the blunder of England in her treatment of Ireland, by raising a tariff barrier which would proclaim that "freedom does not follow the flag." And his later protest against American militarism was a denunciation of "a policy which shall tax and burden two-thirds of our people in order that the other third may wear uniforms or be borne upon pension-rolls."

In his quiet, unhysterical way of looking over every public question and carefully weighing its pros and cons before determining the position on which the Government shall plant itself, McCall suggests the teacher rather than the advocate. Indeed, his appearance and air carry out this idea. His spare but strong frame, his bald head, his finely cut profile, the serious expression of his countenance in repose, his clean, well-measured enunciation of his pure English phrases, his slow gait and deliberate motions, are all tributary to a general effect which makes it seem the most natural thing in the world that Dartmouth College, his *alma mater*, should have invited him some years ago to its presidency; and they seem to consist quite as well with his declination on the ground that the work in public life to which he had addressed himself was not lightly undertaken and could not be easily dropped. He deplored the apparent tendency of the time towards throwing off constitutional restraints and listening to the voice of the autocrat, lest "some chance barbarian might overturn our temples, and do more harm in the direction of uncivilizing the country than all our colleges together could possibly repair."

As illustrative of the absent-minded trait we often attribute to the professional scholar, they tell an amusing story of McCall in connection with one of his most important essays as a biographer. Somewhere he had heard of an incident in the career of Thaddeus Stevens which amused him vastly. Stevens, it seems, while a member of the House, had started one morning to walk to the Capitol with a friend, but dropped in a moment at a rather gay resort on the way up the Avenue, took a "flyer" at faro, and won a hundred dollars, which was paid him in a single banknote. He had barely reached the Capitol steps when he was accosted by a party of Quaker constituents, who proceeded to lay before him a religious enterprise in which they had interested themselves, and expressed the hope that he would contribute something in its aid. Stevens at once drew from his pocket, with a considerable flourish, the banknote he had just won at the gaming-table, and handed it to the spokesman, remarking to his friend with oratorical solemnity:

> God moves in a mysterious way
> His wonders to perform!

McCall's delight in the anecdote kept it running in his mind so that he began to read everything he could find about Stevens, and this led to his writing the life of the eccentric commoner, only to discover, after the work was off the press, that he had left out of it the one story which had furnished its original inspiration!

Tattler.

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Literature

A DOUBTFUL INTERPRETATION OF AN ANCIENT TABLET.

Sumerian Epic of Paradise, the Flood, and the Fall of Man. By Stephen Langdon. Philadelphia: Publications of the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, Babylonian Section, Vol. X, No. 1.

The basis of this publication is a cuneiform text in the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, which was found in the course of excavations at Nippur and which presumably formed part of the temple or school collection of that ancient centre of Sumerian and Babylonian culture. A small fragment of the text had previously been copied by Dr. Langdon and an account of it published by him about a year ago in one of the numbers of the proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archæology. Although it was only a fragment, Dr. Langdon was quite sure that he had discovered a Sumerian story of a flood and of the fall of man, with direct bearings on Biblical traditions. Since then two other fragments, one of them very large, the other small, have been found in the course of an examination of the University collection, and as a result we fortunately now have a tolerably complete text.

Having made a study of the entire tablet, Dr. Langdon now enlarges his former announcement by calling the tablet the "Sumerian Epic of Paradise, the Flood, and the Fall of Man." In other words, according to Dr. Langdon's interpretation, we have in this tablet a story or a myth of the same order as the famous Biblical tale of the Garden of Eden, where, as in the Bible, man forfeits the pleasures of Paradise by eating of a forbidden fruit. To be sure, there are some deviations from the Biblical narrative. In Dr. Langdon's tablet the flood comes before the fall of man, and it is the supposed survivor of the flood, whose name Dr. Langdon reads Tagtug, who, after escaping the catastrophe, is foolish enough to eat of the cassia (according to Dr. Langdon's interpretation) and thus forfeits immortality.

In the introduction to his translation of the tablet in the present volume he sets forth at great length the "Nippurian" theory of the fall of man, and also the dependence of the Biblical tradition of Paradise upon the views of Paradise and of the fall of man as developed at Nippur, though other portions of the Biblical tradition he would derive from what he calls the "Eridu" version of man's forfeiture of immortality. Dr. Langdon does not tell us how the Hebrew writers happened to get hold of these old Babylonian tales, and whether they read them in the Sumerian original or in a Babylonian translation; but the general thesis is confidently set forth, and, it must be admitted, the tablet would be of great importance in the study of the Biblical traditions, *provided* Dr. Langdon's interpretation of it were correct.

A close examination of the text reveals that this is far from being the case, that many of Dr. Langdon's renderings of the Sumerian original are exceedingly precarious, that some can be shown to be incorrect, and that a considerable number of his readings of the original text are more or less uncertain. Dr. Langdon appears to be particularly fond of indulging in conjectures, and his interpretation of this tablet is a good example of the dangers to which a scholar is exposed in basing an elaborate theory on slender foundations.

In the first place, it should be remarked that the original of this tablet is in Sumerian, which is the non-Semitic language of Babylonia, spoken and written by Sumerians who came as conquerors into the Euphrates Valley. Now, Babylonian texts written in Semitic Babylonian, or, to use the more correct name, Akkadian, are entirely intelligible to scholars at the present time, but this is not the case with Sumerian texts. It is only within the last ten years that decided progress in the interpretation of Sumerian has been made, and though, thanks to the labors of a number of distinguished German, French, and English scholars, we now can approach a Sumerian text with some degree of confidence, there are still great obstacles in the way of an entirely safe interpretation of a text deciphered for the first time. No one would have criticised Dr. Langdon had he interspersed interrogation marks liberally throughout the translation, but it is a rather serious matter to find a scholar proposing translations as definite which turn out to be uncertain and probably erroneous. Let us take a single example, but one which may be regarded as characteristic of the author's somewhat slovenly, or, let us say, too rapid method of working.

He reads the name of the place in which, according to his interpretation, the Sumerians placed Paradise as Dilmun. Now, Dilmun has been known to Assyriologists for some time, and there is no reason to question the general concurrence of opinion that it is the name of one of the islands lying in the Persian Gulf. Apparently, however, it does not fit in with Dr. Langdon's theory of the relation between Sumerian and Biblical Paradise to have Dilmun an island; accordingly, he suggests a forced interpretation of a perfectly simple passage in one of the inscriptions of Sargon, in which the king speaks of ruling certain districts "as far as the boundaries of Dilmun as one land." Dr. Langdon declares that "one land" proves that Dilmun must be on the mainland, as though a writer could not also refer to islands adjacent as part of a single territory. But now let us look further and see what proof Dr. Langdon has for asserting that the land described as the seat of the supposed Sumerian Paradise is to be read Dilmun.

He confesses in a note that the sign used in his text is not the one which is to be read Dilmun, and then refers us to another text—where there is a sign which is somewhat like the one in our tablet, but not by any means identical, and—what Dr. Langdon fails to tell us—is also *not* the sign for Dilmun. His identification, therefore, is without any warrant, and yet our author assumes throughout the publication that no one will raise the slightest doubt as to the identification itself.

According to Dr. Langdon, the tablet opens with a description of Paradise (identified by him with the doubtful Dilmun) and this Paradise is described as a place where neither raven nor kite shriek, where lions and wolves do not plunder. So far, so good. But what are we to think of a Paradise where there is a lack of water, for, according to Dr. Langdon himself, one of the lines of the description (if one gathers the sense of his somewhat ambiguous English correctly) states that "water was not poured for cleansing in the city one inhabited not." And it is quite evident from the description at the beginning of the second column that some one prays to the god of waters to bring on a rich flow, so that the city may have water in abundance. This passage may possibly furnish a clue to the interpretation of the tablet, and one which, to say the least, will be found to be as satisfactory as Dr. Langdon's purely fanciful notion of a Sumerian Paradise. So far from describing an ideal residence, which might, to be sure, be inferred from the fact that it was free from noises, and that the lion and the wolf did not follow their ordinary occupations, the text seems to describe a deserted and death-like place where all activity had ceased, where even ravens and kites did not shriek, and lions and wolves did not plunder, and that, as suggested, the cause of this desolation was a drought. Such an interpretation furnishes a more satisfactory explanation of some of the lines in the description than does Dr. Langdon's conjectural suggestions. So, for example, Dr. Langdon translates one of the lines: "'A man has changed a canal,' one said not," whereas it should probably be rendered: "The ferryman did not cross over," which indicates still further that the ordinary activities of the place suffering from the drought had ceased. Again, according to Dr. Langdon's interpretation, one of the features of this Paradise is that there were no diseases of the eye, no headaches, and no old women or old men. But the lines in question might be interpreted quite differently. Accepting Dr. Langdon's translation, "'Oh Headache, thou art a headache,' one said not," this does not necessarily prove that there were no headaches, but could also be interpreted as an indication that the disease could not be exorcised, which would be done by a formula beginning with "headache," and when we read further, "'Thou art an old man,' one said not," and "'Thou art an old woman,' one said not," this could be interpreted to indicate, not that people did not grow old, but that people died before they became old.

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What Dr. Langdon takes for a deluge which, according to his interpretation, lasted nine months, would seem to be the answer to the appeal made to the god Enki, the god of waters, to inundate the fields. So far from this inundation lasting for nine months, the text seems merely to indicate that each month for nine months in succession there was rain on a certain day, though this, too, is not certain. However, setting this aside, we have another illustration of the ease with which Dr. Langdon throws out his conjectures in his interpretation of a line occurring thrice in the course of the tablet, which reads, "Like fat, like fat, like tallow." Now, it ought to be said that the rendering is by no means certain, but accepting it, what does Dr. Langdon make of this line? He tells us that this line indicates the destruction of all mankind who had "dissolved" in the flood like fat and tallow. The comparison is somewhat halting, for the one thing that fat and tallow do not do is to dissolve in water; but there is not the slightest reference at this point in the text to mankind or to a dissolution. Equally precarious is Dr. Langdon's supposition that in the continuation of this tablet there is an account of a hero who escapes from the deluge in a boat. This rests upon a single line occurring twice in the tablet in which the word boat does occur, but all that is said is, "His one foot he set on the boat," or, as Dr. Langdon has it, "His foot alone upon the boat set." Who is meant is not at all clear. This is the *only* reference to a boat in the tablet, for in another line in which Dr. Langdon introduces the word ship in his translation there is no such sign in the original Sumerian. The entire translation of this line does not tend to inspire one with confidence in our author's conscientiousness, especially as the line occurs again—also without any sign for ship in the original—and yet the word "ship" is introduced in both cases in Dr. Langdon's translation.

Perhaps, however, the most serious example of our author's carelessness in drawing far-reaching conclusions from a purely conjectural starting-point is his endeavor to identify a certain Tagtug, whose name does not even appear till *after* the account of the conjectural "Deluge," with the Noah of Biblical tradition. Here is his reasoning:

This name is written with two characters, the first of which is to be read *Tag*, though it could also be *Shum*, and the second of which might also be read *Ku* or *Tush* as well as *Tug*, which Dr. Langdon selects in order to bring about an assonance between the two syllables. Dr. Langdon needs this assonance as a support for his theory, for, according to his interpretation, the meaning of the name is suggested by the first element, *Tag*, whereas the second is merely added to give emphasis. Now, *Tag* has a variety of meanings, prominent among which is the idea of "overturning." Among other equivalents in Akkadian for the Sumerian *Tag*, we find also *nâkhu*, meaning "to rest," and because this meaning coincides with the stem underlying Biblical Noah, Dr. Langdon reaches the conclusion that Tagtug is the Sumerian equivalent which the Hebrews translated as Noah. Why the Hebrew transmitter of the old tradition should have gone to so much trouble, or how he happened to be so well versed in Sumerian, which ceased to be the current language of Babylonia after the middle of the third millennium, Dr. Langdon does not tell us. But let that pass.

Tag, when it is made the equivalent of *nâkhu* in the sense of "rest," is not intended to convey the idea of cessation from activity or release from trouble, as is the case with the Hebrew stem of Noah, but rather the "rest" that comes through destruction. In other words, the idea of "rest" involved in the Sumerian *Tag* is a synonym of to "destroy"—to put to rest in that sense. What the Sumerian *Tug* (if we are to read it in that way) means, we do not know, because the Akkadian, or Babylonian, equivalent has not yet been found. Dr. Langdon realizes this, and, therefore, suggests that *Tug* has been added to *Tag* by way of assonance and in order to emphasize the idea of "rest." Tagtug would, therefore, be something like our humpty-dumpty or higgledy-piggledy. The Sumerians, however, when they wished to give an emphasis to the meaning of a stem, repeated the stem just as it was. We would, therefore, expect Tagtag, and Dr. Langdon himself confesses that he has not found a single example where, in order to emphasize the meaning of a root, the root was repeated with a change of vowel. In other words, Tagtug, in place of Tagtag, would be an isolated example. The obvious conclusion to be drawn from such an omission is that Tagtug cannot mean "rest" in an emphatic sense, and that there is no reason for selecting *Tug* as the reading of the second sign in preference to *Ku* or *Tush;* but if we select one of the latter readings, Dr. Langdon's already tottering thesis falls completely to pieces. On this flimsy foundation he builds up his theory that Noah is the Hebrew translation of Tagtug.

This specimen of word-juggling, with the heaping of one hypothesis upon another and then drawing far-reaching conclusions, is unfortunately not isolated, and we must confess that with due admiration for Dr. Langdon's ingenuity, this unfortunate habit of making fanciful combinations raises a question as to the validity of all the results set forth by him in the introduction to his translation of the tablet. He makes his favorite Tagtug to be the survivor of a deluge, but we have seen that the "deluge" discovered by him on his tablet is exceedingly problematical, and that there is absolutely no indication that Tagtug has anything to do with the deluge, even as interpreted by Dr. Langdon. Furthermore, Tagtug does not seem to be a human being, but a god. His name is written with a sign attached to the names of gods. In order to get around this, Dr. Langdon calls Tagtug "the divine," and assumes that, though a mortal, he has received immortality from the gods. By such a process any god can be changed into a divine human being. If you can prove that a certain being *was* human, then you are at liberty to conclude, if you find his name written with a sign for god, that he has been changed into a deity, but since Tagtug appears for the first time in Dr. Langdon's tablet, without any indication that he is a human being, we are forced to conclude that, in making Tagtug merely a divine being, we are again dealing with purely fanciful speculation.

Lastly, this same Tagtug is supposed to have eaten a forbidden fruit, and thus to have forfeited immortality and the delights of Paradise. The tablet is particularly fragmentary at this point, and it is not clear on what ground Dr. Langdon supposes that Tagtug has anything to do with the references to certain plants in the concluding portion of the tablet. The name does not appear in that connection. Nevertheless, Dr. Langdon has permitted the sensational announcement to be spread far and wide through the press of this country and England that it was Tagtug-Noah and not Adam who ate the forbidden fruit and thereby forfeited immortality. But the case made out for the forbidden fruit is equally as precarious as the supposition that it was Tagtug who ate it. In order to get this interpretation Dr. Langdon is obliged to supply in one line the sign for plant and in another the sign to eat. Granting these two conjectures, which are probably correct, he would make out the forbidden fruit to be cassia. Now, it happens that cassia is one of the few medicinal remedies mentioned in cuneiform medical texts that can be definitely identified, for the Babylonian term *kasu* is the source of our own cassia, coming down through the medium of the Greek. Kasu, or cassia, occurs as one of the most common remedies in Babylonian-Assyrian medical texts, and since in Babylonian-Assyrian medicine a remedy meant driving out the demon of disease, cassia would obviously be looked upon with great favor. Is it likely that the same people who use a plant as a beneficent remedy would regard such a plant as forbidden, the eating of which entailed punishment? One need merely raise this question in order to see how improbable it is that the concluding portion of Dr. Langdon's tablet has anything in common with the story told in the third chapter of Genesis. As already stated, the tablet at this juncture is rather defective, but an interpretation that suggests itself as a result of a study of the words and lines preserved is that we have here a list of plants that are put together as beneficial, and that these remedies for diseases are traced back to some god through whom they were given to man. A "salt" plant, *e. g.*, is among those mentioned, though apparently not recognized by Langdon as such. At all events, Dr. Langdon's interpretation that the tablet gives us the story of a forbidden fruit is as fanciful as the identifica-

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tion of Tagtug with Noah, or that the tablet contained an account of the Deluge, or that Tagtug survived this supposed Deluge, or that at the beginning there is a description of a "Sumerian" Paradise.

Scholars will feel grateful to Dr. Langdon for the publication of this text, which deserves further study. No doubt, its interpretation will be advanced within the next year or so through such further study on the part of Sumerologists; and if Dr. Langdon could only put a restraint upon his too active imagination and curb the vicious tendency to heap combination upon combination and conjecture upon conjecture, there is every reason to believe that he would himself be able to make a contribution to the better interpretation of this difficult text.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Bent Twig. By Dorothy Canfield. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Three years ago, with "The Squirrel-Cage," Mrs. Fisher took her place among the current novelists who are bent upon a serious interpretation of American life. More recently, in "Hillsboro People," she has carried the scene of her interpretation from the Middle West to New England; and her Vermonters ring true as her Kansans. The setting of "The Bent Twig" shifts from "La Chance" to Vermont, from Vermont to Paris. La Chance is such an upstanding Western town as was pictured in "The Squirrel-Cage." It has its "best families," its pretensions to social elegance, its State University scorned by the aristocracy and obscurely influenced by their standards. Sylvia Marshall's father is an unconventional professor in the university, with a like-minded wife. They choose to live in an old farmhouse in an unfashionable neighborhood, and make no attempt to keep up "dignity" at the cost of solvency. Of society in the foolish sense understood by most of the faculty wives, they have none. Their dress and manners are their own. Their house is open to various queer characters, to "rough-neck" students, and unpresentables of various kinds—notably the old violinist, Reinhardt. It is a place of rough-and-ready hospitality, of free talk, and of good music. There are two daughters, Judith and Sylvia, of very different types. Judith, the younger, inherits her parents' clear-headed independence and their desire to be of use in the world. Sylvia is the softer and commoner type, a born lover of ease and pleasure, with little apparent sense of responsibility, and distaste and resentment for the unworldly life of her home. There is a beautiful and selfish aunt whom Sylvia perilously resembles. The girl has brilliant powers, and makes her mark as a scholar in the university; what she really values is the social advancement her talents bring her, and she seems for a time to be throwing herself away. But always at crucial moments, when a momentous choice must be made between the world of her shallower desires and the real world of which her home has been a microcosm, she finds herself drawing upon sources of strength of which she has been unconscious. So, after engaging herself to the rich young Apollo of her college days, she at once recoils from his brutal passion. And, in the end, after dallying long with the possibility of a worldly choice, she gives herself wholeheartedly to the man who deserves her as a man. Sylvia the lovely, the self-willed, the covetous, the petty intriguer and poser, who yet fights in vain against the deeper principles of pure and noble action which are her heritage—here is a type more common in America, perhaps, than elsewhere. Mrs. Fisher has studied it with sympathy and without sentimentality.

Felix O'Day. By F. Hopkinson Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The present book, the last of the late F. Hopkinson Smith, has for narrative outline a story of unusually mysterious and rapid sort, and while it presents as chief personage a type by no means new to Smith—the type of the gentleman vagabond—it is again unusual in making him a highly-born foreigner. Felix O'Day is an Irish baronet who has contracted an unfortunate marriage, his wife Barbara being headstrong, impetuous, and flirtatious. He suddenly loses his fortune, and attempts to persuade her to accompany him to Australia to regain his estate by sheep-farming. She refuses, returns to her father with the lie that O'Day is attempting to force her into a life of ignoble toil, and immediately after flees with an old lover of hers, one who bears the melodramatic name of Dalton. O'Day follows her to New York, resolved to regain possession of her somehow, though he is utterly without a clue as to her whereabouts. His funds fail; he is determined to maintain himself in some cheap boarding-house while he tramps the streets in his quest; and in his extremity he pawns his dressing-case at the shop of an old German curio-dealer, Otto Kling. The acquaintanceship he strikes up with this irascible but good-hearted dealer leads to his employment in the shop as an expert on antiques, and to his residing across the way with a hearty Irishwoman, Kitty Cleary, engaged with her husband in the draying business—a woman highly reminiscent of Tom Grogan herself. The background of the stage is at once peopled with a multitude of lower East Side characters of the better social strata—two old artists of decayed fortunes and engaging eccentricities, rival curio-dealers, children, priests, policemen, and several frank derelicts. Mr. Smith draws all these with a keen eye for individual foibles and with unerring observation of the life of the section. Meanwhile we are introduced to Lady Barbara, who, deserted by her lover in a cheap boarding-house, obtains employment in mending fine garments, endures the insults of a harsh agent in a department store named Mangan, and finally is dragged into court to answer for the loss of a fine piece of lace entrusted to her. It is at this moment that O'Day reappears upon the scene and rescues her, the book closing with their complete reconciliation. But it is as a picture of the lights and shadows of life among the decayed gentle-folk and rising laboring classes of the lower East Side that "Felix O'Day" will be remembered. It is a satisfying book to place beside Mr. Smith's previous descriptions of plantation life in Virginia and Maryland, of Baltimore society, of the rigors of lighthouse labor, and of the lives of the docks—the last in an excellent gallery.

The Gray Dawn. By Stewart Edward White. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Two years ago, with "Gold," Mr. White embarked upon the serious enterprise of expressing in the form of a trilogy of novels the development of the Far West as represented by California. He here takes up the narrative in the year 1852, the moment at which the city of San Francisco has emerged from the cruder material conditions of pioneering, but has hardly begun to suspect her need of other qualifications as a civilized community. The bar-room and public gambling-places which are social centres of a frontier town have been overlaid with crude gorgeousness, but have lost nothing of their original status. For the rest, the society and government of the city are in the hands of a spurious Southern "chivalry," a group of fire-eaters, carefully appointed as to dress and bearing and scrupulous as to the defence of their personal "honor," but otherwise without scruple or honor. Duels are openly announced, and public excursions are arranged so that the public may enjoy them as spectacles. Also the frontier privilege of killing on sight has been carried over; and chivalry, aided by perjury and the subtleties of the law, ordains that there shall be no penalty for this kind of murder.

To this city come Milton Keith and his wife, a young pair from Baltimore, lured hither by the fabled charm of a new greatness. Keith is delighted with everything, at first. He becomes a member of one of the most fashionable of those amateur fire companies which played so important a part in the social and political life of the young city. For the rest, the place is overrun with young lawyers like himself, and it is by a clever and unscrupulous stroke of business, at the expense of the city treasury, that he makes a start. He has no qualms about this: "His sense of justice was naturally strong and warm, and an appeal to it outside a courtroom or a law office always got an immediate and common-sense response. But inside the law his mind automatically closed, and a 'case' could have only legal aspects. Which is true of the majority of lawyers *to-day.*" *Moreover, there was no* local sentiment to combat. Keith is heartily congratulated upon his *coup.* A quaint fact, surely, about "graft" and democracy: "Every last one of these merry, jovial pirates was inordinately proud of the ship he was helping to scuttle! That one fact, attentively considered, explains much." But

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the city has a conscience, though it is asleep. The time comes when Keith and thousands of other citizens with sound hearts are forced by the corrupt conditions of the Government and the judiciary, to take up again the work of the Vigilantes, under their old leader, Coleman. We leave the city still in its gray dawn, but with warmer tints upon the horizon.

Mr. White has told with much point and vigor of that episode, in its rawer colors so typical of a nation-wide experience in municipal evolution. If his human figures seem rather to play their parts creditably in the larger action than to exist for their own sake, this is the failing of all but the really great historical romances.

ROMANTIC REALISMS.

The Rose of Youth. By Elinor Mordaunt. New York: John Lane Co.

The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck. By James Branch Cabell. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.

In Mrs. Mordaunt's volume the bag of tricks of the uncompromising realist is pressed into service by an up-to-date idealist. Her theme is less a biography than a fantasy. She tells what happened to one Teddy Earp, the cockney clerk who was nine parts a poet, and she retails with great particularity the unpleasantnesses of "living-in" and the distressful varieties of downtrodden humanity that did "live-in" and clerk at Finney's. Yet what she really reveals is how the spirit of young romance might keep alive even at Finney's, nourish itself upon the sumptuous and exotic even at those shabby counters, and find at last among the shipping on the Thames an open sesame to the kingdom of its dreams—a vision of adventurous joy, clean and brave as when the world was young, winning out of the heart of commercial London its enlargement and a pathway to the ends of the earth. As to individual episodes, many parallels suggest themselves in the work of contemporary English writers; the originality is in the theme itself, impersonal as an Arabian Nights tale, and in the consistency with which the issue is kept clear of moral and social problems. This author does not attempt to turn knight-errantry into practical reform, her wild swan into a domesticated and useful bird, and she will not suffer love or duty to lay a detaining hand upon the radiant voyager.

Mr. Cabell has attempted something much more difficult and less picturesque. He fain would dissect your old-fashioned Southern gentleman—and then put him together again, turn him inside out, and yet keep him a hero, shatter illusion and retain partiality—in short, he proposes in one and the same book to exercise the acumen of an Ellen Glasgow and indulge the sentiments of a Thomas Nelson Page. It has the look of an incredible feat, and what the reader will chiefly enjoy is the ingenuity of the title as applied to the involuntary heroism of the true-blue aristocrat, and a very cleverly drawn—or shall we say vocalized?—daughter of the newer South. It is the inimitable quality of Patricia Stapylton's speech that better than anything else conveys the woman—vivid, irrepressible, dainty, and, in the last analysis, commonplace. Fluent and convincing, it amounts in itself to a little triumph of art.

A COMPENDIUM OF JAPANESE HISTORY.

A Short History of Japan. By Ernest Wilson Clement. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. $1 net.

In a modest preface the writer of this handy volume, intended to give "a bird's-eye view of the history of Japan," expresses a hope that it may be sufficient for the purposes of the average reader who has not time or inclination to go into the details of Japanese history. He is already favorably known as author of a "Handbook of Modern Japan," and of a revised edition of Hildreth's "Japan as It Was and Is." A long residence in the country, partly in the interior and partly in Tokio, has insured intimate acquaintance with the language and the people, evidences of which appear throughout. His treatment of the prehistoric legendary period is judicious. Quoting from the official "History of the Empire of Japan," he concedes that "in order to understand the history of the Empire's beginnings, the traditional incidents of the age, however singular, must be studied." Moreover, he adds, "the incidents and names of the actors are so inextricably interwoven into the fabric of Japanese art, religion, and literature, and are so influential yet among the common people and even in politics, that one cannot afford to ignore this period."

The account of the rise in the thirteenth century of four new Buddhist sects, "all of which have remained powerful to the present day," comes in appositely at the close of chapter vi. The mystical Zenshiu, or Contemplative, sect, which sought salvation by meditation, and whose doctrines may be summed up in the following injunction: "Look carefully within, and there you will find Buddha," immediately attracted the warrior class. "This was largely due to the fact that, in Zen, each believer must work out his own salvation by austere discipline, and could thus develop the measure of self-control needed by a true knight." To its influence may be traced in part, at least, the chivalrous bearing of the best type of Japanese soldier to-day. But Mr. Clement does not make the deduction; nor in describing the more fanatical and narrowly national Shinshiu sect, "the Jesuits of Japan," as he calls them, does he refer to their missionary propaganda in the Hawaiian Islands and on the Pacific Coast. Recently, in making demands on China, Japan has asserted the right of her subjects to disseminate the Buddhist faith. And yet, as Mr. Clement tells us (page 120), both Buddhism and Shinto were disestablished in 1884. This, his only reference to Buddhism in modern Japan, is surely inadequate, in view of its recent assertiveness. How has the change come about?

The personality of Prince Ito, in many essential ways the maker of new Japan, is perfunctorily dealt with. He is dismissed as follows (p. 144): "In October (1909) Ito was assassinated at Harbin by a Korean fanatic; and he was honored, as the greatest statesman of modern Japan, with a most elaborate funeral." A good opportunity presented itself at page 107, where reference is made to the unification of Italy, of Japan, and of Germany, all within little over a decade, and all presenting much the same features. As Italy had her Cavour, and Germany her Bismarck, so had Japan her Ito. The three paragraphs dealing at length with the character of the late Emperor might be condensed, and one at least devoted to Ito.

Mr. Clement's outlook, as well as his phraseology, is essentially that of the missionary teacher, and yet his treatment of Christian education is feeble and scrappy. He refers to the Doshisha University at Kyoto without explaining that it grew up under the wing of American Congregationalism; and other like institutions of high grade are left unnoticed. While "Count Okuma's well-known institution at Waseda in Tokyo" is remembered, neither the Keio University, founded by the famous editor and patriot, Fukuzawa, nor the great man himself, is deemed worthy of mention. These two universities may be regarded as complementary to the over-Germanized state institutions, which date from 1886. "In 1884 and 1885 the people took up athletics; and in 1886 and 1887 waltzing was the rage. This was also about the time when 'the German measles' prevailed; but it was only a mania for imitating 'things German.'" Now, this epidemic of "German measles," as it was facetiously termed, was pretty well confined to the Government departments of War and Education; it was an official, not a popular, craze. Mr. Clement gives no details regarding the founding of the four Imperial Universities and the eight Higher (Middle) Schools, a result of the "epidemic." The reader meets with one solitary reference to the higher education (p. 156): "The most unique feature of the Imperial University at Tokyo is its department of seismology with a seismograph."

There is a misleading statement in regard to things financial at page 117: "The first decade of the Meiji era closes in 1878, when bimetallism was adopted." The subject is forthwith dismissed for good. Now, in the excellent account Mr. Robert P. Porter gives of the economic progress of the Japanese Empire up to 1911, it is rightly asserted ("The Full Recognition of Japan," chapter xiii, Finance) that

> The evolution of the Japanese currency is one of the most extraordinary in the history of national finance. In 1871, when the work of regeneration was begun, the currency system adopted was one of gold monometallism; in 1878 it had become a system of gold and

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silver bimetallism; by 1879 it was to all intents and purposes a system of inconvertible paper money; in 1886 the paper money had been redeemed by silver coins, and at the end of 1897 a gold standard had replaced the silver system (with silver rated at 32 to 1).

Sometimes Mr. Clement's touch upon Japanese life and customs fails him. He makes two references to landscape gardening. It (the Ashikaga period), he tells us, "was a glorious era for architecture, landscape-gardening, decorative painting, the tea-cult, the flower-cult, the incense-cult. . . . It is only in Japan that landscape-gardening can be said to be 'reduced almost to an exact science.' And Japan seems also to be the only land where incense-burning and tea-drinking are likewise systematized." But why does he twice separate landscape-gardening and the tea-cult? All the celebrated gardens of Japan, as Okakura informs us in his delightful "Book of Tea," were laid out by the tea-masters; and the two cults are inseparable, historically and essentially.

The final chapter closes with a naïve expression of the author's wonder at the progress made by Japan since 1867. "As we contemplate the marvellous transformations of the Meiji era, we can only throw up our hands with Dominie Sampson, and exclaim: 'Pro-di-gi-ous!'" This editorial (or platform?) "we" might be replaced with advantage, here and elsewhere in the book, by an honest "I," for the author is well entitled to speak for himself.

THE MECHANISM OF COMMERCE.

International Trade and Exchange: A Study of the Mechanism and Advantages of Commerce. By Harry Gunnison Brown. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

No subject within the field of economics has had so few good books to show as that of foreign exchange; no subject has had so many bad books to its discredit as that of foreign trade and tariff policy. Conditions have changed within the last few years. Several excellent manuals on foreign exchange have recently appeared; and Taussig devoted to international trade a whole book of his "Principles," published in 1911, and for the first time set forth in a general treatise the laws of foreign trade and exchange, with an appreciation of the importance of the topic, and with the knowledge and skill necessary to show its bearings.

The distinguishing feature of the modern treatment is the application of the quantitative theory of money to an analysis of the effects of international trade on price levels, and thereby on the relative position of producers and consumers in various countries. This method of analysis is one in which Dr. Brown is entirely at home. He assisted Irving Fisher in preparing the book on "The Purchasing Power of Money," which is a restatement and amplification of the quantitative theory, and has given evidence in independent articles of marked ability in the field of theoretical economics. He makes no attempt in the present book to go outside his chosen line. He borrows his account of existing business practices from Escher, Clare, and Margraff, and is content to offer only a bare suggestion of the present organization of foreign trade and the actual results of present policies. What he does is to state with precision the principles of foreign trade and exchange, and to carry to conclusion his analysis of the effects of trade and trade regulations under various hypothetical conditions. The book is the most comprehensive and clearest statement of the theory of the subject which we have.

The first part covers foreign exchange in the narrow sense. The author introduces the subject by chapters on the laws of money and the nature of bank credit, and thereby is enabled in the following chapters to carry the reader further than ordinarily is done in the discussion of influences determining the rate of exchange, and of reactions of the rate on the phenomena of business. The section on "Exchange between Two Countries, Assuming Effective Prohibition of Specie Export," is interesting in the light of present conditions, due to the war; and it speaks well for the author's careful habit of statement that nothing in the section appears to require modification as a result of recent experience.

The second part, paged separately and entitled "The Economic Advantages of Commerce," begins with two excellent chapters on the gains of trade and how they are shared. The author makes extensive use, in this part, of hypothetical illustrations. Suppose, for example, that in Canada one man in a week can produce twenty bushels of wheat or fourteen yards of linen cloth, while in Ireland in the same time a man can produce but six bushels of wheat or ten yards of linen. Ireland is at a disadvantage in both wares, and may be forced to offer the product of two weeks' work in exchange for the product of one week of the Canadian. Assuming that a yard of Irish linen is sold for a bushel of Canadian wheat, then Canada, producing in two weeks forty bushels of wheat, can exchange half of it for linen, and will have twenty bushels plus twenty yards instead of twenty plus fourteen; while Ireland, in four weeks' work, will produce forty yards of linen, but will still gain by trade, for by exchanging half of its linen it will have twenty yards plus twenty bushels, instead of twenty plus twelve. Examples of this kind, covering the various situations which may be conceived in the commercial relations of various countries, prove nothing, of course, but they do make definite the principles which govern the distribution of the advantages of trade, and they clear the way excellently for the discussion of commercial policy in the chapters following. If the reader here misses the pungency of the older critics of protectionism, he gains at least by the scientific and exact analysis to which the author subjects the operation of protective duties and the arguments advanced in defence of them. A certain amount of bias towards free trade does appear, in the reviewer's estimation, in the treatment of the military and social arguments; but the analysis of the economic arguments is all the more effective because it concedes the theoretical possibility of gains by restriction, while it suggests the improbability that these will be attained under the actual conditions of politics. The last chapter is an impressive demonstration of the evils consequent on ship subsidies, public canals, improvement of rivers and harbors by general taxes, and government subsidies to railway-building.

The book is written by an economist for economists, and will give slight satisfaction to the general reader or the popular politician. Appealing as it does, however, to a professional class, vigorous protest should be entered against the duplication of the paging in the two parts, which will certainly cause trouble in citing passages, and which appears to offer no advantage of any kind.

Notes

"The Mary Frances Garden Book," by Jane Eayre Fryer, is announced for publication on December 1 by the John C. Winston Co., Philadelphia.

The Macmillan Co. announces the forthcoming publication of Stephen Graham's "The Way of Martha and the Way of Mary."

"The Harim and the Purdah: Studies of Oriental Women," by Mrs. Elizabeth Cooper, has been published by T. Fisher Unwin, London.

In "Moonbeams from the Larger Lunacy" (Lane; $1.25 net) Mr. S. Leacock does some more admirable fooling upon a very great variety of subjects. His is a mind bubbling over with whimsical ideas; one gets the impression that all he can need is time to "get them off," in his rapid sketchy way. The quality of his fun is distinctive. It is based on the English method, does not always escape facetiousness, but is, on the whole, lighter and more limber than the *Punch* standard. In fact, it has much of the spontaneous extravagance which is supposed to belong on this side of the water and this side of the border. The reason may lie partly in the fact that many of these little skits have been written for the American market as catered for by *Life*, *Puck*, and the funny compartments of the magazines. But it may be that we have here a genuine new blend destined to be called Canadian Humor. Why not? Mr. Leacock sees, to begin with, the humor of his own job as a professor. He is and, so far as we know, intends to remain head of a university department of political economy. Such positions are probably safe only for incumbents of the larger lunacy. Mr. Leacock (like the Irish clergyman who writes as G. A. Birmingham) appears to be in no way oppressed or embarrassed by his office. He has, apparently, no conception of that ideal of professional dignity which makes even the gambols of our own parsons and professors so self-conscious and elephantine. The present volume contains various bits of burlesque, in the "Nonsense Novels" vein.

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"Spoof: A Thousand-Guinea Novel" very amusingly takes off the fatuity of the conventionalized best-seller. "Passionate Paragraphs," short as it is, is even better as a parody of the latest style of sophisticated prose. But the best fun and keenest satire in the book belongs to the series called "Afternoon Adventures at My Club," which hits off, with great freshness and dispatch, many of the familiar types of club bore or convive or disputant.

Mr. John Jay Chapman sees things simplified and rather tinged with red in his "Notes on Religion" (Laurence J. Gomme; 75 cents). "It is the union of true religion with a perfected system of social tyranny," he believes, "that gives the Roman Church its particular character. . . . The Church Dominant says to a man: 'I am your consciousness of God; therefore obey.'" His essay, in fact, is intended to awaken the dormant consciousness of the American people to the vast plot of Rome, as he sees it, to make good her losses in Europe by laying a strong hand on this Continent. And within the Church, yet scarcely of it, are the Jesuits. Mr. Chapman draws a startling picture of a conspiracy hatching in the Archbishop's palace in Madison Avenue, and of the conspirators departing in two directions, the Jesuits together one way, the rest another. It is all very vivid, and so simple. Besides this essay the book contains a few notes on the nature of religion in itself. Here again things are simplified; but we rather like the essay the best.

Mr. Arthur J. Balfour, for obvious reasons, was not able to give his presidential address at the opening meeting of the Aristotelian Society last year, and as a consequence the first paper in the "Proceedings" (just issued by Williams & Norgate) is the substitute address by Vice-President Bernard Bosanquet on "Science and Philosophy." His starting point is Bertrand Russell's lectures "On Our Knowledge of an External World" (these "Aristotelians" have a delightful way of starting from one another), and against those who have been trying to give to philosophy the exact procedure of scientific investigation he argues subtly and, to us, convincingly. The buffoonery of the book is furnished, as usual, by F. C. S. Schiller, who, having failed to bring other philosophers to consider "the really important issues of logic," now condescends to return to their "immemorial wallowing grounds." A notable discussion on "Instinct and Emotion" is conducted by William McDougall, A. F. Shand, and G. F. Stout. There is a long study of Croce's "Æsthetic," besides other papers, historical and critical, which we must pass over unmentioned. The volume as a whole maintains the value and interest of its predecessors.

That earnest Manxman, Mr. Hall Caine, in "The Drama of Three Hundred and Sixty-five Days: Scenes in the Great War" (Lippincott; $1 net) cleanses his bosom of the perilous stuff wherewith war and indignation have stuffed it. His is, of course, the indignation of the patriot spellbound by the sacred glories of his own cause, and hag-ridden by the infamy of his foe's. This, however, is no ordinary patriot, of whatever island. It is one who, by his own admission, has been, either as witness or as confidant or as adviser, really in the thick of matters. All things have worked together as by a miracle for his enlightenment. He saw the Kaiser in Rome years ago, and had no trouble in summing him up:

> The glittering eyes, the withered arm, the features that gave signs of frightful periodical pain, the immense energy, the gigantic egotism, the ravenous vanity, the fanaticism amounting to frenzy, the dominating power, the dictatorial temper, the indifference to suffering (whether his own or other people's), the overbearing suppression of opposing opinions, the determination to control everybody's interest, everybody's work—I thought all this was written in the Kaiser's masterful face.

And just as clearly as he recognized this monster, whose arm was written in his face, so clearly did he detect, among the snows of the Engadine, the Crown Prince in his true character: "I saw a young man without a particle of natural distinction, whether physical, moral, or mental." Also, in the course of a month spent in the same hotel with the Archduke Ferdinand, he got to the bottom of that arid, though fateful, personality. Years ago, moreover, his own soul aligned itself with the present partners of England. He travelled in Galicia and Poland and saw the effects of Austrian government; and his "impressions were unfavorable." Germany more or less deceived him. His German friendships and memories helped him to cajole himself and to be cajoled: "Even yet it strikes a chill to the heart to recall those German homes as scenes of prolonged duplicity." Russia he visited only once, but, "under conditions which were calculated, beyond anything that has happened since down to to-day, to reveal to me the whole secret of the Russian soul." He saw, in short, that the Russians were not barbarians, but a simple, religious, and kindly people with great reserve forces of character.

From such vantage-points of previous knowledge, he has seen the war unfold with more grief than surprise. As he reviews the first year of the conflict, he is unable to find anything but merit in the conduct of the Allies, anything but shame in the conduct of the Powers. Like so many other British writers whose only permitted weapon is the pen, he is determined to make the most of it, as a weapon. For the rest, it was he, we learn, who persuaded the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* to publish "King Albert's Book." Mr. Caine's sincerity cannot be doubted, but it is the sincerity of the recruiting officer who must get his results for the cause, not that of a trustworthy chronicler of events. He ends with a plea for prayer also as a weapon:

> Let us, then, pray with all the fervor of our souls for Belgium, for Poland, for Italy, for Russia, for France, but, above all, for our own beloved country, mother of nations, mother, too, of some of the bravest and best yet born on to the earth, that, as long as there remains one man or woman of British blood above British soil, this England and her Empire may be ours—ours and our children's.

Shades of the Fourth Reader! Echoes of D'Annunzio! It is too clear that among the primitive habits to which, under the stress of war, we are destined to revert, spouting will be one.

To most of us, it is to be feared, the mention of Saint-Simon's "Memoirs" recalls chiefly the rather forbidding vista of M. de Chéruel's twenty tomes and the echo of Macaulay's remark: "I finished Saint-Simon's Memoirs and am more struck with the good parts than ever. To be sure, the road from fountain to fountain lies through a very dry desert." And not unnaturally. Saint-Simon, in the words of another authority, is "not a writer to be 'sampled' easily, inasmuch as his most characteristic phrases sometimes occur in the midst of quite uninteresting matter." What we need, therefore, is the good offices of an editor who will make Saint-Simon readable and—an essential requirement—still leave him Saint-Simon. A book of extracts will not do; condensation must not, as heretofore, be carried too far—a difficult task, but one that has been successfully begun by Francis Arkwright in two volumes, entitled, somewhat fancifully, "Gossip and Glory of Versailles" and "The Silver Age of Louis XIV" (Brentano's; $3 net, each), the first ending appropriately with the year 1701 and the signing of the Grand Alliance, with which, as the memoirist says, "ended all the King's prosperity." The second takes us to 1707, the year of the death of Mme. de Montespan, which, if not the end of an epoch, is well enough as a milestone in the path of a writer of court gossip.

There is, of course, as much difference between these volumes and the works of modern popular compilers as between dry bones and the living flesh. In the one case, we sit in our easy chair while Mr. Gribble or *qui que ce soit* tells us pleasing anecdotes of this period or that, with his own point of view, and too often his own personality, well to the fore. Here, on the contrary, we are, as it were, transported back to old France, where the picaresque Cardinal Borgia, possessed of a family Bull permitting, nay exhorting, him to eat meat on Good Friday, is part of the landscape; where the medical faculty orders D'Harcourt to return to his beloved snuff, "to recall the humors to their old courses; but it was too late, he had left it off too long, and a return to it did him no good." Through the eyes of Saint-Simon we see the first as not only funny, but "in the picture"; and the same may be said of the adventure of Mme. de Nemours, who, going for confession to a strange church and in mean attire, told the priest the exact truth about herself, her position, her riches, and, above all, her sins, with the result that the good father thought her mad and advised her to "go home and, if she could afford it, to take some good strengthening broth," doubtless accompanying the advice with the coveted absolution. The prescription of the doctor was quite *secundum artem*. We have picked out these trifling anecdotes as some slight suggestion of what the reader misses if he is content to accept the annexations of historian and compiler as all that is to be obtained from the work of one who, professedly, set great store by small things, and who gratefully remembered Chamillart's daughters because they "told me an immense number of feminine trifles, often more important than they were aware of." We understand that the present translation is to be completed in four additional volumes within the twelvemonth.

"The Spell of Southern Shores," by Caroline Atwater Mason (The Page Company; $2.50), a sequel to "The Spell of Italy," by the same author, like many another book of

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travel may be described in the words of the old French chronicler, "Ne tot mençonge, ne tot voir, Tot folie ne tot savoir." In it we follow in their wanderings one of the pairs of American mothers and daughters, familiar to all tourists on the Continent. Their route leads them from Genoa down the Riviera di Levante to Viterbo, Rome, Naples, Capri, Sicily, Venice, Lago di Garda, Ravenna, Rimini, Padua, and back to Venice. Pleasant and usually not too exuberant descriptions of natural scenery are mingled with historical sketches, and an enlivening element is added by a slender thread of fiction in the romance of an English girl and a *marchese,* whose experiences furnish an opportunity for the typical reflections on international marriages. Our pair of travellers are agreeable, "Mother" well read and communicative, "Filia" impressionable and receptive, and their interchange of information and emotions in dialogues which recall Rollo or Plato, according to the habits of the individual reader, supplies us with the facts and the sentiments suitable to the places visited. The author has an admirable acquaintance with the general stock of historical facts that may be found in the best guidebooks, from which she supplements her own intelligent narrative by well-selected quotations. She occasionally gives brief chronological summaries of the history of certain places, which many travellers may find convenient, but which may seem to others inappropriate in a book written distinctly in the vein of light narration. Her interest, it is evident, lies primarily in the field of history, and some of us will question whether any account of Southern Italy that takes so little cognizance of its art can be said adequately to convey its "spell"—whatever that may be understood to mean. For example, the precious sculptured architectural bits still lingering in the midst of squalor at Viterbo receive merely a passing notice; the highly interesting frescoes of Lorenzo di Viterbo in Sta. Maria della Verità, the beautiful Pietà, a *capolavoro* of Sebastiano del Piombo in the Museo Municipale, are not mentioned at all, yet these go quite as far in forming the charm of Viterbo as do its associations with Papal history, to which several pages are devoted.

Occasionally the author is to be caught in slight inaccuracies. We might suppose from her description of the theatre at Syracuse that the sixty rows of seats are all "marvellously well preserved," but as a matter of fact, although it is estimated that there were originally sixty tiers, only forty-six remain. One would like to know the authority for the statement that in this theatre "some of the great tragedies of Aeschylus first were rendered under the eyes of the poet himself." Aeschylus was twice in Sicily; the first time in 470 B. C., when the "Persians," which had previously been given in Athens, was produced in Syracuse; his second visit was in 456-5, and the chronology of the plays would make it improbable that any of them were given before him then in the Syracusan Theatre. On page 365 it is implied that the Spozalizio del Mar was instituted at Venice in the year 1000; but this was the year in which the ceremony of supplication and aspersion celebrated on Ascension Day was instituted, while the Spozalizio del Mar itself dates from 1177, when the Venetians, having succeeded in gaining certain indulgences from the Pope after the Congress of Venice, gave a sacramental character to the celebration of Ascension Day and made it a nuptial rite. We may note, too, that the battle of Curzola was fought in 1298, not 1290 (p. 367); Selinus was founded in 628 B. C., not 623 (p. 177); "two centuries" is a rather loose term for the period of the war between Genoa and Pisa, which began in 1120 and ended nominally with the battle of Meloria in 1284; the chains taken from Porto Pisano by the Genoese hang on the west, not the north, wall of the Campo Santo at Pisa (p. 31); four doges, though the author finds only three (p. 367), are buried in S. Marco—Vitale Falier, Marino Morosini, Giovanni Soranzo, and Andrea Dandolo. The most serious blemish is one regrettably common to books on Italy written by Americans who have far too slender an acquaintance with Italian to risk using it in print. The English used in the advertisement of the Hôtel des Temples at Girgenti, which Mrs. Mason quotes with a jest, is scarcely less extraordinary than the Italian with which she sprinkles her pages. We mention a few errors from a copious selection. She regularly summons a *carozze* instead of a *carrozza;* when she wishes to say *Aspetti* ("wait"), the command with which all tourists in Italy become familiar, she says *Aspetto* ("I wait"); she turns *sì* ("yes") into *si* ("if"). But the book as a whole, with its many attractive illustrations, belongs to the type that we are all glad to find in a hotel library wherewith to while away an evening hour after sight-seeing in the places described. It will in the future have an additional interest of its own, for Mrs. Mason sailed from Trieste for America in May, 1914, and it is therefore one of the latest records of travel in Italy before the war. What the first after the war will have to tell us, *chi lo sa?*

It is perhaps not generally known that the Government of British Columbia has gathered a large and rich collection of historical materials. This work has been in the competent hands of Mr. E. O. S. Scholefield, Provincial Librarian and Archivist, who possesses unbounded enthusiasm coupled with a fine sense of discrimination. The books, pamphlets, maps, and manuscripts relating to the discovery, exploration, and settlement of Northwestern America which he has garnered are of the utmost importance. Many of the items are of great rarity. Mr. Scholefield is a collector of the uncommon sort; his labors in this direction, however, have hitherto been known but slightly beyond the borders of his own province. Until very recently, it has not been possible to make these treasures available. Now that the Government has generously added a handsome wing to the Parliament Building, the library is charmingly housed, with all the apparatus which makes for comfort and efficiency. The writer of this note was much impressed by the extent and richness of these collections, and gratified indeed to learn that the "open-door" policy will be inaugurated. Scholars from all sections may freely make use of the library's resources. And now that the great work of gathering is in a large measure accomplished, Mr. Scholefield's aim will be to make available in the best sense the materials in his keeping. No one who is studying the history of the Pacific Northwest, exploratory or otherwise, can afford to pass them by.

The Archives Department of British Columbia should have no reason to regret the publication of the initial number of its series of Memoirs. "The First Circumnavigation of Vancouver Island," by Dr. C. F. Newcombe, is the result of years of painstaking investigation. Although the question is not one of great historical importance, it has far more than a local interest; and it will be remembered that it has in the past been productive of much discussion and not a little controversy. Dr. Newcombe has presented a convincing case, which is "to vindicate the contention of Capt. George Vancouver that his ships [in 1792] were the first to complete the navigation of the inner channels which separate the island, now called by his name, from the mainland of British Columbia." The author writes frankly from the British point of view, but he is fair and judicial throughout. It would be pleasant, of course, to claim the honor of the first circumnavigation of Vancouver Island for the American Capt. John Kendrick in the autumn of 1789. Dr. Newcombe, however, appears effectually to have disposed of that question. The monograph is well printed, with marginal notes, and contains eight maps. It would have been better if some of the matter appearing in the text had found a place in foot-notes. The marginal style made this impossible, and for that reason the usual form should have been used.

"Scandinavia of the Scandinavians" (Scribner; $1.50 net), by H. G. Leach, secretary of the American-Scandinavian Foundation, is a well-organized and interesting hand-book of information about Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. After a succinct résumé of the history of the three nations, the book is divided into three almost equal parts, each one of which is devoted to an exposition of modern conditions in one of the countries of the North. The author treats successively the politics, the economic and social organization of the country, the educational system, the literary and artistic life of the nation, and even the customs and manners of social life. As a book of reference the work is invaluable. The writer has evidently scanned innumerable tables of statistics, many of which he has incorporated in his book, and assembled almost every fact about Scandinavia in which the general reader could be interested. Besides, Dr. Leach, from his frequent sojourns in the North and extensive travels there, has been able to present the actual life of the countries suggestively and graphically. The comparatively unimportant blemishes in the book are the result of the author's great enthusiasm for his subject. The unwary reader might be charmed into believing that only the people of the North have labor unions and various forms of industrial insurance, and that only they have "the inherent power to analyze character swiftly and accurately" which "gives a dramatic zest to conversation and letter-writing." Ungoverned enthusiasm, too, leads him to describe Drachmann as "a Walt Whitman blessed with the lyrical talents of a Poe" and to state that "Jacobsen's Irmelin Rose may well be compared to Sappho's Ode to Aphrodite." Usually, however, the style of the book is at once lively and sensible. The volume is provided with a number of attractive photographs. In the selection of these, too, the author has been influenced by a peculiar democratic enthusiasm which has prompted him to insert a photograph of Amundsen in conventional street costume; but one of King Haakon on skis; and one of King Gustav engaging in a game of tennis.

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"The Divine Mystery," by Allen Upward (Houghton Mifflin; $1.75), is an attempt to set forth "the history of Christianity down to the time of Christ," that is, to sketch the origin of the administrative ideas (concerning the divine government of the world and the salvation of men) that took full shape in Christianity. It is, in fact, a grandiose generalization, a definition of the lines of advance by which man has created all religions, but with special reference to Christianity; and it is, at the same time, an exhibition of the persistence with which primitive conceptions have maintained themselves in the great religions alongside of spiritual ideas; it is not the author's purpose to describe these last, but he recognizes their value. His scheme of religious progress is indicated by the titles of his chapters (which are so worded as to point to Christian dogmas): the Divine Man (the Wizard, the master of the powers of nature, or the Genius, the chief man of the clan and its protector); the Wise Men (the enchanters, forerunners of modern fortune-tellers, clairvoyants, and faith-healers); the Divine Child (the son of any mother, especially of the Queen, the clan-woman who dwells apart and receives her partners in her own tent); the King (whose office results from the marriage of the Wizard and the Queen, whence he is both religious and political chief—and the Son inherits the Father's powers, but is subordinate to him and becomes Mediator and Saviour); the Kingdom of Heaven (the development of the worship of the sun); the End of the World (the fall of kings and gods through advance of scientific knowledge); the Baptism of Fire (Zoroastrianism as the culmination of sun-worship—the heat wave). Four concluding chapters deal with Israelite history and the beginnings of Christianity.

Mr. Upward has produced a volume attractive in content and style, to be read, however, with caution. He brings out the fact of the survival of primitive beliefs in the orthodox Christian creeds, and he follows in a general way the commonly accepted sequence of ideas leading up to Christianity. But his fondness for personalizing the tendencies of thought and his desire to trace Christian terms and expressions through them lead him insensibly into colorings and interpretations that are or may be misleading. His description of the genealogy of the divine Son as Saviour (p. 78) is logically and historically insufficient. The rôle that he assigns to the cult of fire and to Zoroaster as its apostle is not borne out by known facts. The introduction of astrological (zodiacal) science as an element of religious development is not illumining. Some etymologies adopted by the author are unfortunate; such is the identification of Assyrian Assur (p. 137) with Iranian Ahura (Sanscrit Asura); and the derivation of the Christian ejaculation "Amen" from the name of the Egyptian deity Amen (p. 144) has no better support. In the sphere of sociology the view that the discovery of paternal heredity, the reorganization of society in the patriarchal group, and the institution of marriage may be attributed to the institution of slavery, since the free woman had many consorts, while the slave concubine and her children belonged to her master alone (p. 70), is not essential to the author's argument, and may be left to students of social relations. The history of origins is necessarily obscure, and may easily give occasion to hypotheses that explain nothing, as in our author's assertion (p. 139) that the name of the prehistoric Copernicus, to whom we owe the discovery that the sun's heat is the cause of vegetable life, has been confounded with that of Zarathustra. Bold or rash generalizations and hazardous hypotheses will confront the reader of this volume, but he will also find not only acute remarks, but useful suggestions for the solution of the questions herein considered.

Drama

MR. MASEFIELD'S TRAGEDY.

The Faithful: Tragedy in Three Acts. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

This is a true tragedy, embodying a somewhat dismal philosophy, but inspirational in its dominant theme that, in the end, love and endurance will conquer all imaginable evil. Picturesque and strong as drama, it is yet more remarkable for its literary qualities. Written in rarely pure, simple, and pregnant English, it is rich in epigrammatic point and passages of genuine poetic beauty. A story of old Japan, dated two hundred years ago, and exceedingly felicitous in its reproduction of an appropriate spirit and atmosphere, it is nevertheless modern in much of its thought and satire, and it is difficult to think that it was composed without reference to existing conditions, although the connection with them is by no means clear. The most obvious moral is the nobility of resistance unto death against unjust tyranny.

There is no real plot. Facts and consequences are depicted, very vividly, in three episodes, with a minimum of exhibited intrigue. The protagonists are Asano; an idealistic, philanthropic Daimio; Kira, the embodiment of bold, unscrupulous craft, and Kurano, Asano's devoted friend and avenger. In the first act, or episode, Asano, who has governed a small patrimony upon patriarchal principles, thinking only of the welfare of his dependants, is tricked by Kira into violation of sacred ritual, and doomed to harakiri, with confiscation of his property. In the second, Kurano renounces his wife—who has been instrumental in preventing him from going to Asano's assistance—binds the dependants of the latter by a solemn oath to devote their lives to the pursuance of revenge upon Kira, and feigns madness to deceive the agents appointed for his destruction. In the third, Kurano, with the remnant of his faithful followers, after pitiful suffering, makes his way by stealth into the palace of Kira, who hitherto has triumphed all along the line and been made a duke, and slays him in the temporary absence of his guards. Then, in obedience to official decree, they all, rejoicing, kill themselves on Asano's grave. Future glory is to be their reward.

Set forth thus in the barest outline the tale might seem ordinary Oriental melodrama, but it is something much more than that. Having no love interest, or very little, it does not fall within the category of romance. It is a veritable tragedy, of which the burthen is the impotency of benevolent and courageous virtue, even with precedent, law, and justice on its side, to prevail against malignant greed and cunning aided by power. In other words, there can be no successful appeal against the doctrine that might makes right, except that of brute force, and that can only be made at the hazard of life and everything that makes it worth having. The poetic value of the piece resides in its general conception, in its imaginative, concise, expressive prose and occasional interludes of heroic or plaintive lyrical verse, some of which is exquisite. Of descriptive or explanatory passages there are none, all the action properly unfolding itself on the stage. The environment, of course, could be made highly pictorial, and there is no lack of effective theatrical incidents. Among them may be noted the ritual scene in the first act, with the betrayal of Asano, his futile assault upon Kira, and his condemnation; the final meeting of the leaguers, and the last scene, in which Kira, defying omens and exulting in his security, makes love to a terrified dancing girl, while his deadly foes are creeping upon him from without. Here there is a growing tension of suspense until the thrilling climax.

The best act of all, however, from the literary point of view, is the second, in which Kurano, after dismissing his wife, feigns madness to escape the death which Kira has ordained for him. This is admirably written in all its moods. Very poignant is the scene in which the embittered counsellor renounces his repentant wife. But the imaginative genius of the writer is best displayed in the mad scenes, in which wayward humors, despairing pessimism, fierce satire, and broad raillery are commingled with striking realism. Bits of them, though utterly unlike, are strangely suggestive of kindred passages in "Hamlet" and "Lear." A diatribe on woman is quite Elizabethan in its style. All the principal personages are drawn with a fine consistency. The benevolent but skeptical Asano—too wise to appeal against the machine of the world, the strong, unscrupulous man, and old custom—the shrewd, valorous, devoted Kurano; the specious, bullying, crafty, and insatiate Kira; his wily counsellor, Sagasaka; the hotheaded old Daimio, Kamei, and his faithful Honzo, are all vital sketches, while even the minor characters have their distinct individualities. That the play, with its pictorial attributes and simplicity of construction, and its variety of histrionic opportunity, is well suited to the theatre, is beyond question, although it is not likely to be seen there. The fine spirit of fearless and tireless revolt against unjust tyranny with which it is animated would scarcely, in the managerial mind, compensate for its lack of a love story and its gloomy pessimism. But it is a notable work that will meet with the hearty appreciation of discerning readers.

J. Ranken Towse.

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"THE GREAT LOVER."

This is a pleasant trifle, written by Leo Ditrichstein in collaboration with Frederic and Fanny Hatton, and presented by Messrs. Cohan and Harris at the Longacre Theatre. Mr. Ditrichstein, in the particular kind of rôle which he affects and which, since he is playwright as well as actor, he is fortunate enough to be able to provide for himself, is always interesting, an extremely clever and graceful player within his limitations, but not a versatile one. As "The Great Lover," namely, Jean Paurel, a famous baritone idolized by women, Mr. Ditrichstein has just such another part as he made conspicuously successful in "The Concert," but the setting is vastly inferior. The story is a hackneyed one: the loss of voice by a middle-aged operatic star; the yielding of his laurels, and incidentally of his fiancée, to a younger rival. The piece is typically an "actor's play," exhibiting at once the strength and the weakness that one expects when the actor turns playwright, especially his own playwright. No technical artifice is neglected that shall get a situation or a line "across" to the audience, and the first act is a clever piece of dramatic writing. The scene is in the office of an operatic impresario, when the constellation of singers from all parts of the world has come together preparatory to the opening of the operatic season in New York. In a setting of lively and very amusing satire on the foibles of the artistic temperament the main motive of the play is developed, the fatal charms and no less fatal impressionability of the great baritone.

As the curtain goes down on this very successful act the experienced playgoer suspects that this is too good to be kept up. And his fears are justified, for by the middle of the next act the authors have shot their bolt. Having exposed the theme of the play, they have little more to say. There is not enough real stuff in the piece to carry it on. It is Leo Ditrichstein to the rescue, and for the rest of the play we listen, willingly enough, to the pleasant patter of the middle-aged and flirtatious singer and rest our eyes on really delectable stage settings. It is all well enough, but it is pretty thin even for the label attached to it, "Romantic Comedy." If the psychology of Jean Paurel had been more clearly defined, that rôle might have carried the play; but it is not a study in psychology that we see, it is a study of Mr. Ditrichstein's engaging methods. In point of fact, the authors seem to have had in their hands an opportunity, and by some odd chance to have missed it. Considerable emphasis is laid on the superstitious element in Paurel's character—he knocks wood, he refuses to commence an engagement on a Friday, he puts faith in charms and amulets—but these qualities are accidental and bear only an arbitrary relation both to Paurel's character and to the development of the plot.

Mr. Ditrichstein's was, of course, a finished performance, and William Ricciardi and John Bedouin, among the principals, were excellent as, respectively, an Italian conductor and Paurel's valet. The part of Ethel Warren was overplayed by Miss Virginia Fox Brooks, as was the Bianca Sonino of Miss Camilla Bertolini. On the other hand, Miss Beverley Sitgreaves might have infused more fire and spitefulness into the rôle of a jealous and vindictive prima donna. The various types of operatic artists in the first act were admirably portrayed, and the stage management of these scenes was noteworthy. The play was received by the audience with manifest approval. S. W.

"THE LIARS."

The second production of Miss Grace George and her company at the Playhouse, though perhaps not quite so successful as the rendering of "The New York Idea," has been welcomed by large, enthusiastic audiences. Mr. Jones's play, like Mr. Mitchell's, provides an opportunity for a great variety of acting, and, if Miss George's company has not carried out in every detail the author's intention, it has at least adapted the drama in excellent fashion to American tastes. The play itself is not above criticism. Avowedly artificial, it characterizes with much shrewdness certain foibles of English society of the upper class. The kernel of the satire is much the same as that of Clyde Fitch's "The Truth," in that it lays bare the complications, especially domestic, which result from fashionable fibbing. But "The Liars" is weak in two important details. The first and more significant is the part of a man who spies on his brother's wife and makes methodical reports of her flirtations to the husband. Whether it is because spies are held in special disfavor just now, or because such a part is that of a cad, this rôle seemed out of place in a play of some pretensions. It is, too, the key to the central situation, for without it the husband would have remained in ignorance. The second weakness follows from the first and concerns the reconciliation at the final curtain. This seems entirely arbitrary. Put the matter in this way: if the wife had not been forced into a confession by the espionage of the brother, would she have given up her exciting flirtations? And is there any guarantee that her dull husband will long hold her interest?

So much is said in order to put part of the blame upon the author for the lack of entire conviction which is noticeable in this production of "The Liars." As Lady Jessica Nepean, Miss George is all that Americans expect of a woman of quick mind and personal charm who requires to be interested, even if that involves turning to other men than her husband. Conway Tearle is a spirited lover, yet his rôle is not entirely satisfying. Here again the author is probably at fault; for Falkner is too sincere to be a villain and too brilliant to be an utter fool. He loves Lady Jessica madly and almost persuades her to elope with him; in the end, he returns to his work in South Africa, not because he has seen the folly of his conduct, but because Lady Jessica has been led to see the folly of hers. Altogether the character of Falkner is unmeaning in any true dramatic sense. The one personage in the play who commands instant sympathy is Col. Sir Christopher Deering, as played by Ernest Lawford. This actor deserves all praise for his performance. Usually cast in some eccentric rôle, he here has a chance to impersonate what we like to think of as the typical Englishman—a person worldly wise, well-rooted, and possessing common-sense of the sort which helps one's friends out of their follies. Mary Nash, who takes the part of Lady Rosamund, has the considerable asset of being able to wear good clothes effectively; in the two productions thus far she has been a satisfactory figure as a lady of fashion. F.

"FAIR AND WARMER."

Those who were entertained last season by the farcical comedy "Twin Beds" will know what to expect of Mr. Avery Hopwood's "Fair and Warmer," (Eltinge Theatre) and will find much to their liking. Here, again, there are compromising situations, innocent in themselves, but suggesting the gravest possibilities, until the course of the action finally clears them of reproach. And here again is Miss Madge Kennedy as fair and engaging as ever. Without the special qualifications of Miss Kennedy, let it be said, the play would prove to be altogether suggestive and even raw. Even as it is, the author in certain moments, especially at the close of the second act, has overstepped the bounds of delicacy and has prejudiced a situation which in other respects is most amusing. A mitigating element is the tact with which Mr. John Cumberland plays the part opposite to that of Miss Kennedy. In the hands of the usual road company, the play would be quite unpalatable.

Laura Bartlett (Janet Beecher), after two years of married life, finds herself heartily bored by her husband, whose only mistake has been that he has acquired none of the natural vices and has yielded to her every desire. No other woman exists for him, and, therefore, he exists for no other woman. The situation is sharpened by the return of a former lover to whom, indeed, she was once engaged. Unable to bear her present plight any longer, she has decided to break with her husband and to marry the suitor. As a preliminary, she consents to go with the latter to the opera and then to supper, leaving her husband at home to meditate on his errors. But, meanwhile, a married couple in the same apartment building have dropped in, and the man (Ralph Morgan), hearing of Billy's troubles, undertakes to advise him how to win back his wife. He must take a night off once a week, in order to set her to wondering, etc. Jack phrases the whole programme in extravagant terms and starts forth on one of his own (really innocent) evenings, leaving his wife alone with Billy. She, upon worming Jack's advice from Billy, at once regards herself as a much mistreated woman, and by way of retaliation suggests that she and Billy compromise themselves. The first step is to the wine cellar, with results that might be expected in the case of two persons as innocent as they. Enough of the plot has been related to indicate the serious complications which arise when the other husband and the other wife come upon them at two in the morning. There is a "morning after" scene, which is of course funny. F.

"THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE."

English and American tastes disagree on this play. The work of Eden Phillpotts and MacDonald Hastings, it is representative of a body of writing which vainly strives for the manner of Bernard Shaw. When wit gives out, farce is brought in for substitute. Now, "The Angel in the House," which had a run of two hundred nights in London and which satirizes the fads of cubism and eugenics, fell flat in New York because it was manifestly not what it pretended to be—an airy nothing with a sting. It lacked both airiness and sting, and degenerated into the sort of extravaganza permitted in comic opera. For the sake of argument it may be admitted that, as a whole, the play was not performed as ably here as in

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London. Mr. Arnold Daly, as the æsthete bachelor of forty years, who can glibly espouse any newest movement, showed that he had caught the outlines of the part and would improve with practice, and George Giddens was excellent as the foster father of this prodigy and the victim of the new nonsense. But others of the company kept the stage in a continual clatter; perhaps they thought to carry the audience off its feet by their own vociferous good humor. They were not equal to it, and the play met with a speedier death than it might have met with in more capable hands. Why it should have survived so long in England is a mystery. F.

"SECRET SERVICE."

Originally produced in 1896, William Gillette's play of the Civil War was successfully revived for a short engagement at the Empire Theatre last week. If it be admitted that the play, which never pretended to be a piece of dramatic writing of high order, shows some signs of age, we must also remember that our conception of war has also aged with astonishing rapidity during the last sixteen months. Nevertheless, the play was cordially received and the revival is welcome. William Gillette is as gallant and sympathetic a figure as ever in the rôle of Lewis Dumont, of the United States Secret Service—the secret service men of those days appear to have been more sagacious than they are to-day—and the whole caste acquits itself well. Joseph Brennan, the only one, with the exception of Mr. Gillette, who was in the original cast, is seen in the rôle of General Nelson Randolph; Miss Helen Freeman is a pleasing Edith Varney, and Miss Irene Haisman, charming and sprightly, scores a distinct individual success in the ingenue part of Caroline Mitford. S. W.

Music

A GIRL PIANIST FROM BRAZIL.

When Liszt, in 1840, played the group of twenty short pieces included in Schumann's "Carnival" in Leipzig, he did not succeed in interesting his audience in it—he, the greatest pianist the world has ever heard. Schumann was so impressed by this failure that he modestly declared that "the whole has no artistic value whatever." Details in it, he added, might interest some, "but the musical moods change too rapidly for a whole audience, that does not want to be startled every minute, to follow them. My good friend, Franz Liszt, failed to bear this in mind at his Gewandhaus concert; and, sympathetic and inspired though his playing was, he may have touched some, but the multitude was not affected."

One could not but recall this historic incident last Thursday when the same group of pieces was played in New York by Giuomar Novaes, a charming Portuguese girl, who was born in the backwoods of Brazil twenty years ago. This young girl succeeded in interesting not only individuals, but a large audience, including many prominent professionals, in Schumann's work. Concert-goers have learned, since 1840, through familiarity with Slavic music, not to mind being "startled by frequent changes of mood." Schumann's music otherwise presents no puzzles to modern audiences. And yet it was strange that this girl from the Province of Sao Paulo should win such cordial approval from a select and critical audience in New York.

Miss Novaes does not come of musical stock; neither her parents nor her seventeen sisters and brothers have revealed any talent for the tonal art; yet, at the age of six, she improvised tunes on the piano for her playmates, and ten years later the Brazilian Government sent her at its expense to Paris, where she promptly won the first prize for piano-playing at the Conservatoire. At her public appearances in that city, as well as in London and other European centres, she won applause and encomiums which her playing here of works by Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Brahms, Chopin, and Moszkowski proved to have been well earned. She belongs to the rare species of musicians who love their art more than themselves. After one of her pieces, when the applause was particularly persistent, she ended it abruptly by beginning to play, with an air of saying: "Please stop and let me show you how beautiful the next piece is." Better than columns of technical criticism, this indicates her artistic stature. Her technique leaves nothing to be desired, yet it is, to her, always a means to an end. Her playing is uneven; almost commonplace at times, it suddenly soars into regions which thrill the hearer. It is safe to predict a brilliant career for this Brazilian girl, South America's most important gift to the musical world since Teresa Carreño came from Venezuela.

Two world-famed pianists competed for hearers last Saturday. Mr. Godowski played a Chopin programme in one hall, while in another Mr. Gabrilowitsch gave the second of his historic piano recitals. Such conflicts are frequent; indeed, it is not unusual for the critics to be expected to be in from six to eight places at once, especially on Sundays. Last Sunday Melanie Kurt was to have made her first appearance of the season as soloist of the Philharmonic, but was not able to appear, wherefore Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl" and Grieg's lovely orchestral versions of his songs "Heart Wounds" and "The Last Spring" were substituted. The concert opened with Dvorák's fourth symphony, too long overlooked because of the great (and deserved) popularity of the same composer's "New World Symphony." If less inspired than the later work (which was composed in America), it is nevertheless well worth hearing once or twice a year. The final number was Liszt's "Tasso," that brilliant proclamation of Liszt's genius which, as performed by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra under Stransky, always arouses as much enthusiasm as a Liszt rhapsody played by Paderewski.

The past week gave striking evidence of the growing popularity of Grieg's music. With the people it has, indeed, always been popular; five months before his death, the great Norwegian wrote to a friend from Berlin, telling how whole families came to him there, among them "a mother with two sons who, with tears in their eyes, told me about the happiness my music had brought into their homes and that I could have no idea what I had done for them through many years." Most of the professionals, on the other hand, for reasons hard to guess, have long been neglecting Grieg; but the reaction has set in. Besides the two pieces played by the Philharmonic, there were Grieg songs on the programmes of the recent recitals of Frances Alda and Evan Williams, while Albert Spalding played the third of the Grieg sonatas for violin and piano with André Benoist. It is a difficult work, not so much on the technical side as because of the temperament required to do it justice; but the two artists named played it with real sympathy and expression. Mr. Spalding was also represented on the programme as a composer by a new suite, the prelude of which, in particular, is a virile, effective piece that may be cordially commended to other violinists. Another choice specimen of American music on his programme was Edwin Grasse's dainty "Waves at Play," which has been made famous by Maud Powell. These two are America's foremost violinists.

Great singers were less busy last week than usual, but mention must be made of a recital given by Emilio de Gogorza. Unlike most "prima-donna husbands" (his wife is Emma Eames), this Cuban baritone is himself a great artist—a singer endowed not only with a glorious voice, but with a style that few can boast. As is natural, he makes a specialty of Spanish songs; his programme included several by Granados, whose "Goyescas" is to be the most important novelty of the Metropolitan Opera season.

That season began on Monday with a revival of "Samson and Delilah," the most popular of the many operas composed by Saint-Saëns. It was one of the most successful productions of Oscar Hammerstein at the Manhattan Opera House a few years ago, but had not been sung at the Metropolitan for twenty years. Its choice for the opening night may seem singular, for, while there is much beautiful music in it, on the whole the work is more of an oratorio than an opera, being, indeed, often sung in concert halls. The Metropolitan has, however, a particularly well trained body of singers to cope with the choruses in the grand style of oratorio. Moreover, Caruso was in the cast, and when he is in the cast it matters little what the opera is. It was his first appearance anywhere as the Hebrew Hercules, and he acted the part with dignity and pathos. His singing in the first act was so labored as to awaken apprehensions, but in the second and third acts he was himself again, his voice being as luscious and smooth as ever. Honors were shared with him chiefly by Mme. Matzenauer, Amato, and the new conductor-in-chief, Polacco.

HENRY T. FINCK.

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Art

THE INTERNATIONAL.

LONDON, October 25.

The unfortunate effects of war upon art are more keenly felt this autumn than they were last. The season begins with the opening of the exhibition of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers, a society which by name and tradition represents all that is most independent and accomplished not only in Great Britain, but in the world. Of late it has threatened to throw off the responsibilities of both name and tradition, but this year it has actually succeeded in making its exhibition as national as any other held in London, and almost as mediocre. Work that of old would never have been admitted now helps to cover spaces that might more profitably have been left bare. Many of the more distinguished members are absent altogether, many of those who do show have been unable to conceal the labor and strain of invention and perseverance under the shadow that now hangs blacker than ever over their country.

William Strang, the vice-president, has come out of the ordeal less perturbed than most. He has not allowed emotion to modify his shrill color, his harsh outlines, his prosaic vision. It is said that he paints for posterity, that time is to give his paintings the quality he deliberately withholds from them. If this be so, it means virtually that he exhibits his canvases unfinished, and therefore, as it is inevitable, nothing strikes one so much in them as their rawness. They should be put away, like other things which improve with time, until time, his collaborator, has completed its task. The largest of his three this year is typical: A Café Bar, a fairly large canvas filled with several figures. A man and a woman sit at the bar, the woman raising a cup to her lips; a man stands behind the bar; a third man, the portrait of Strang himself, and a woman doing nothing in particular, are crowded into the opposite corner. All have that air of arrested motion he seems to go out of his way to give to his figures; none has the least relation to the others either in the scene depicted or in the design. There is no apparent reason why they should have been brought together, except the artist's need of covering his large stretch of canvas somehow. They do not belong to each other, like the figures grouped in the old masters' "conversation pieces." Nor is there any pattern, any cohesion of design, any scheme of color, to explain or justify their haphazard meeting. The lines so emphatically insisted upon have no meaning, no use in the general arrangement, nor have they the beauty in themselves that might make up for their meaninglessness. It is not easy to pass a painting like this without looking at it—it does not merely call, it screams from the walls; but a poster can do that as well and for a more legitimate end.

William Nicholson is another exhibitor who evades the increasing depression of the times by the use of strong color. His sitters have the advantage of being Hindus, and their costumes give him his excuse. The uniform of Duffadar Rar Singh, in his half-length portrait, supplies him with a vibrant, brilliant note of red, and a still more vivid space of white is his pictorial motive for his large full-length of The Viceroy's Orderly. But beyond this arresting vividness, Nicholson has nothing in common with Strang. The one thing he never disdains is design; he goes rather to the other extreme, he makes too much of design, forgets too easily that he is painting not formal decoration, but human beings of flesh and blood. Both his scarlet space and his white space take their right place on the canvas and are not dragged in by haphazard to fill up an odd corner. But preoccupied as he is always tempted to be with his decorative intention, he is apt to overlook the fact that the head of his sitter should have something more than a secondary decorative value in the composition, that there should be solid bodies inside the most gorgeous uniforms, and that men move in a world of light and atmosphere. His spaces of scarlet and white have none of the gradation, the quality, the subtle suggestion of form and movement, the magic of modelling that are the gifts Velasquez brought to painting when he first made his men and women within their frames stand upon their feet. Nicholson has never quite emancipated himself from the conventions of the wood block to which he owed his first fame and triumphs. Glyn Philpot, no less than Strang and Nicholson, is all for a strong effect. In his Countess Beauchamp and Daughter the mother stands, a sumptuous figure in a richly brocaded gown of gold, gold-red hair crowning her florid face, in almost startling relief against a sober background. But this piece of brilliant painting must have exhausted the painter, for the little flaxen-haired, white-robed girl who nestles close to her mother's side is as lifeless as a wooden lay figure.

I am not sure that it is not Philip Connard who has suffered least from the storm and stress of the day. His big portrait group of two little pig-tailed girls, one seated with a black cat on her lap—The Mascot, he calls it—has the curious jerkiness, the dazzling restlessness, the over-emphasis of detail, the spotty color that tire the eyes in so much of his work. But his Nude is a good, restrained, straightforward study of a woman lying on a couch, the figure well-placed, well-observed, well-modelled, and the painting of it free from the usual meretricious glitter. Like so much else in the gallery, however, it strikes one as less original than reminiscent. Something in the pose and the treatment of the flesh suggests that the painter had come to his study straight from the Louvre and the large room where Manet's Olympia now hangs in the company of Ingres and Delacroix.

To turn to Lavery, once vice-president, is to wonder at the transformation. In the beginning he invented a formula for himself, founded on sympathetic study of many masters, by which his portraits could be recognized at a glance. It was by no means an unpleasing formula, though it tended to over-picturesqueness of pose and a dangerous misuse of black in the painting of flesh. Now, as if conscious of the danger that lies in any formula for the painter who becomes a slave to it, he has suddenly broken away from his own and substituted in its place emptiness pure and simple. Instead of trusting to his eyes, he has borrowed a convention from the eighteenth century. The largest of his three portraits —Mrs. F. A. Konig—shows a lady and a greyhound standing on a vast expanse of canvas, with, for background, the conventionalized arrangement of landscape and architecture that was the fashion in an artificial age. The masses of foliage are heavy, the architecture, with the prominent column dear to Reynolds and Gainsborough, is an unpleasant yellow-gray in tone, the lady is out of all proportion to her setting—you simply do not see her. Reynolds and Gainsborough, despite their convention, gave dignity and distinction to their figures; Lavery's is lost in a scheme as ineffective as no doubt it was meant to be grandiose and fine. Another of his portraits, Miss Jean Crombie, much smaller and less pretentious, is singularly colorless and characterless, while in painting The Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill he could invent no better device to express the force and determination supposed to belong by right, or election, to every prominent politician, than to exaggerate and concentrate the effect of light until the figure seems to be jumping out of the canvas.

Weariness is the dominant note in Charles H. Shannon's decorative panel. It is one of a series of five, and Autumn is its subject. Playing their parts in a gray-blue and green harmony, a group of women, shadowy applegatherers, stand with arms uplifted, as exhausted by their pose as unmistakably the painter was by his task of weaving them into his decorative schemes. The stooping figures below are no less exhausted by the necessity of fitting into the space reserved for them, and the fruit upon the ground fades from very weariness. Really, the effort in this and many of the other canvases is so obvious that for once the manufactured compositions of Charles Ricketts appear by comparison almost spontaneous. The wheels creak audibly in his choice of subject, which is nothing less remote from reality, nothing less familiar to him, nothing less removed from the distracting and difficult observation of Nature at first hand than Montezuma Sacrificing to the Sun. He cannot quite escape the memory of Delacroix, he cannot quite forego the pleasure he always has in introducing into his composition a mass of naked, distorted figures.

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But the machinery this time has turned out an agreeable, if forced, arrangement of color, the altar rising, a tall structure of sombre red, the lines repeated in the long upstretched arm of the officiating Montezuma, against a sky of the deep, rich blue never yet seen anywhere save in the painter's land of romance.

If Lavery has abandoned his formula, D. Y. Cameron and A. D. Peppercorn cling trustfully to theirs. Cameron's skies and waters have not lost their ivory smoothness, nor have Peppercorn's rivers and shores sacrificed their sadness. The feebleness of the landscapes, as a whole, bears witness possibly to the restrictions the war has placed upon the landscape painter, who is no longer free to do his work out-of-doors. James Pryde also is among the painters who pin their faith to formula and risk falling its victim; his tall, out-of-all-proportion Bed, in a new Variation, is simply a bore. Curiously, the Post-Impressionists, with their strident formula, have entirely disappeared for the moment. And altogether the failure of modern inspiration in the exhibition that was its home makes it a relief to come upon even so self-conscious a crib from Van Dyck as Kelly's Lady Norah Brassey, or so undisguised a reëcho of Velasquez as Roybet's Return from the Chase, for they are at least reminders of the repose, the reticence, the dignity in painting that the earlier masters did not despise.

The prevailing dulness or inertia among the British exhibitors makes the loss of foreign work all the more keenly felt. Last autumn, though the war was already a few months old, it was still possible to obtain the paintings of a group of American artists who had been showing in the Anglo-American Exhibition at Shepherd's Bush. In the spring the Belgian artists who are in London managed to send striking examples from a collection that, before the war, had been lent to British provincial galleries. This autumn one picture by one of the same group of Americans can make but a slight impression in so large a gallery, and the only Belgian who seems to have had the heart for new work is Emil Claus. He has not let slip his opportunity for a study of London, and his note of Leicester Square—with touches of warm red in its tawdry architecture and with a pleasant subdued brilliancy in the March sunlight of the music-halls and hotels so ugly in themselves, and the open space where children play—has a freshness, a gayety, a tender illumination that the Londoner does not often discover in his grimy town. But Claus has brought to it unprejudiced eyes. His interest and pleasure in the atmospheric effect are unmistakable, which means that the little painting has the life and vivacity so few painters have managed to give any sign of this year.

Sculptors are forlornly few, but among the few it is the sculptor from abroad who counts. Rodin's bust of the Countess of Warwick is a reminder that, after all, the Society's president is a Frenchman, and also a reproach that, in his honor, more has not been done to uphold its international name. The bust has, I think, been exhibited before. It is not one of his most successful nor one of his most typical performances. The modelling has a tendency to slickness, the face is unexpectedly without character, while the care with which the head is finished makes its emergence from a great mass of rough marble seem but mere affectation, a misplaced mannerism. There is far more character in Mestrovic's Lady Cunard, though evidently his sitter did not appeal as emotionally to him as the stronger, simpler models who sat for the Servian women in his great monument, or for the holy women in his bas-reliefs, while his direct, primitive method does not harmonize with a highly conventionalized modern type. An almost barbaric touch is in the exaggeration of the long, expressive neck, and in the archaic treatment of the hair. But all the same this head and another of Thomas Beecham, Esq., have more distinct character than anything in the gallery. Beside them, the Rodin dwindles into commonplace.

One of the great glories of the International has been from the beginning the black-and-white section. No trouble was spared to get together all that was best in illustration, all that was finest in etching and lithography and wood-engraving. For the first time in a big London exhibition, drawings and prints were rescued from the dark and hidden nooks and corners usually reserved for them, and hung with a feeling for their decorative value on the walls that amounted to genius. The result was that, for the first time in a big London exhibition, drawings and prints were looked at; for the first time people began to see in black-and-white not a lesser medium, but a form of art as important and as full of possibilities as painting and sculpture. And this year? The black-and-white room is given over to water-colors and pastels, and might be an annex to the New English Art Club. Drawings and prints are banished to the long, narrow hall that leads from the street into the gallery, where it never occurs to the visitor that anything of any account is to be found. There is no work from abroad, if I except two or three lithographs by Claus, and next to no work from the men at home to whom black-and-white owes its chief distinction. On every side, indeed, the International emphasized for me the fact that the country is at war and that the country begins to realize it, and I should not be surprised if the rumor is true that there will be no more Internationals until the war is over. Of one thing I am certain: in its prime the International would far sooner have shut its doors without delay than have made a mediocre showing so little worthy of its reputation. N. N.

It is disconcerting to the reader of "Barbizon Painters," by Arthur Hoeber (Stokes; $1.75), to run into pages of quotations from Muther and similar accessible books of reference. One apparently has to do with lectures worked over into essay form. The tone is sympathetic, the method biographical rather than critical, and while in the preface the author claims, modestly enough, the special competence of the practicing landscape painter, the actual contribution from this intimate knowledge is rather slight. Besides such major figures as Millet, Rousseau, and Corot, the affiliated figures of Diaz, Dupré, Troyon, Daubigny, and Jacque are included. There are 87 well-selected illustrations, many from unfamiliar originals. It would have added to the usefulness of the book if the ownership of these pictures had invariably been indicated.

A popular summary of information lately revived regarding several workers in the applied arts has been undertaken by Walter A. Dyer in "Early American Craftsmen" (Century Company; $2.40 net). This compilation will interest the general reader and prove valuable even to the professional collector. The researches of Messrs. L. V. Lockwood, E. Alfred Jones, R. T. Haines Halsey, E. A. Barber, Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, Miss Esther Singleton, and many others have revised the life stories of personalities as important in their way as our military and political worthies. Mr. Dyer has drawn liberally from these sources, his original contribution being a statement at the end of each chapter of recent prices brought by the works of the artists named. Craftsmen to whom large space is rightly allotted are Samuel McIntire, designer of Salem doorways; Duncan Phyfe, furniture-maker of New York; the Massachusetts Willards, clock-makers; Baron Stiegel, who manufactured glass in Pennsylvania; Paul Revere, silversmith and manufacturer of munitions. Defective proofreading caused the slip on page 285: "In the same year 1869 [obviously 1769], efforts were made to start and maintain a china factory in Boston."

Finance

ANOTHER ECONOMIC PREDICTION UPSET.

Of all the many apprehensions which arose in the public mind when the war broke out, in regard to its economic consequences, one superseded all others. Whatever else might happen, an immense depreciation of high-grade investment securities, the world over, was inevitable. That result seemed to be a logical certainty. Government war loans to a total value ten times or more the usual total issue of new securities were bound to be, and actually were, placed on the market in the first year of war. For military purposes alone, something like $20,000,000,000 of investment capital was destined to be used up before the end of 1915.

The inference was plain. There is a limit to the whole world's accumulated or accruing capital. Therefore this stupendous increase in the supply of Government securities would, first, use up the supply of investment money which ordinarily flows into the general bond market; next, it would compel realizing sales of older securities, at sacrifice prices, and on an unprecedented scale;

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finally, it would necessitate such advance in the interest rate on the new Government war loans that the old 4 and 5 per cent. bonds would lose caste with the investor. It was a perfectly plausible assumption that this triple process would cause a disastrous fall in prices of investment bonds already outstanding. When the war began, the popular prediction was for an "all-around 20 per cent. decline." What this would mean to savings banks, trust estates, even to individuals who had raised money on their bond investments, nobody dared to picture. These gloomy expectations were the main reason why the New York Stock Exchange, from July 30 to November 28, 1911, refused to reopen.

On this view of a year ago, regarding the outlook of the bond market, the course of events, particularly in this present week, throws a very curious light. In the first place, the business done on the Stock Exchange in bonds this week was the largest since the Exchange reopened last November. It was double the weekly average of so recent a month as August, and well above the average of October, which itself comprised the highest total transactions of any month in half-a-dozen years.

But activity might have been equally great, even with the "all-around 20 per cent. decline." How about prices—as compared not only with the early months of this year, but with the months before the war was even thought of? That even the "gilt-edged" railway bonds should now be selling 4 to 6 points above the low prices of the year is less surprising than the fact that their present price is in nearly all cases above that reached just before the war began, and as a rule within 1 or 2 points of the highest level of 1914. This is in fact the story of the bond market as a whole, except only where influences peculiar to one security have prevailed.

One might suppose that bonds of municipalities would have been particularly affected by the foreign Government issues of the war—especially after our own market had subscribed for the $500,000,000 Anglo-French 5 per cents, the largest subscription to any single loan in the American market's history. Yet New York city bonds have not only risen 3 and 4 points from the low price of the year (touched not many weeks ago), but are within 1 to 3 points of the highest of 1914. What is perhaps the most striking fact of all is the increasing possibility of placing new bond issues, even of smaller American municipalities, on a 4½ per cent. basis—the rate prevailing before the war began—whereas 5 per cent. was the only obtainable basis in the middle of the present year, if indeed the bonds could be sold at all. In short, the indication of the moment is that the market for investment securities is moving back with a good deal of rapidity to the position which it occupied before the war began.

How is this very extraordinary upsetting of so convincing an economic prediction to be explained? A good many other financial forecasts have gone similarly by the board, but none had been so plausible as this. In the larger economic sense, one explanation for the seeming paradox is to be found in the crowding into our powerful and prosperous neutral market of the investment capital of the whole neutral outside world. The United States had become the one secure place for investment capital.

From a narrower view, the immensely increased bank resources in this country (wholly irrespective of the Federal Reserve Banks), the mounting-up of reserve money through the inflow of gold from Europe, the easy money market in America, and the large profits of industries connected with the war, combined to bring into the investment bond market an aggregate fund of capital perhaps unprecedented. Perhaps, also, the long decline in bond prices during the years when this war was dimly threatened may have been in some sense an instinctive preparation for it. But the salient fact, after all, is that, so far as our own market is concerned, the enormous issue of war loans by belligerent Europe has failed entirely of what would have seemed to be its logical effect.

The question will remain, as in all other branches of finance and industry, whether such conditions as exist to-day can continue after peace. It is possible that this will be determined by the extent to which our own investors, when the war is over, transfer their capital from good home securities to the Government loans of Europe. But the American investment market has not had to wait for the end of war for this process to be tested. A highly important consideration, with a bearing on this very problem, lies in the fact that exactly such a process has been going on while prices were rising for our home securities, and apparently without the least effect on them. Ever since our Stock Exchange reopened, twelve months ago, European holders of American investment bonds have been realizing in our market on an enormous scale, and investing the proceeds in the war bonds.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Bennett, A. These Twain. Doran. $1.50 net.
Garshin, W. M. The Signal, and Other Stories. New York: Knopf. $1.35 net.
Gogol, N. V. Taras Bulba. Edited by I. F. Hapgood. New York: Knopf. $1.25 net.
Goncharov, I. The Precipice. New York: Knopf. $1.35 net.
Green, A. K. The Golden Slipper. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Przybyszewski, S. Homo Sapiens. New York: Knopf. $1.50 net.
Taber, R. G. Chained Lightning. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Thompson, F. S., and Galvin, G. W. A Thousand Faces. Boston: Badger. $1.35 net.
Trevena, J. Moyle Church-Town. New York: Knopf. $1.40 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Chapman, J. J. Greek Genius and Other Essays. Moffat, Yard. $1.75 net.
Duckworth, Sir D. Views on Some Social Subjects. Macmillan.
Evans, M. S. Black and White in the Southern States. Longmans, Green. $2.25 net.
Francillon, R. E. Gods and Heroes. Boston: Ginn. New Edition. 48 cents.
Goncharov, I. Oblomov. Translated by C. J. Hogarth. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Gwynn, S. The Famous Cities of Ireland. Macmillan. $2 net.
Hay, I. Scally: The Story of a Perfect Gentleman. Houghton Mifflin. 75 cents net.
La Boetie, E. de. Montaigne's Essay on Friendship. Houghton Mifflin. $4 net.
Lamb, C. and M. Tales from Shakespeare. Boston: Ginn. 45 cents.
Mackaye, P. A Substitute for War. Macmillan. 50 cents.
Morris, W. Stories from the Earthly Paradise. Longmans, Green. $1.50 net.
Smith, R. M. The Baby's First Two Years. Houghton Mifflin. 75 cents net.
Stephens, W. French Novelists of To-day. Second series. Lane. $1.50 net.
Tarbell, I. M. The Ways of Women. Macmillan. $1 net.
Van Hoesen, H. B. Roman Cursive Writing. Princeton University Press. $2 net.
Wald, L. D. The House on Henry Street. Holt. $2 net.
Woodbridge, E. More Jonathan Papers. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Wyss, J. D. The Swiss Family Robinson. New edition. Boston: Ginn. 50 cents.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Dawson, M. M. The Ethics of Confucius. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Decker, F. H. Christ's Experience of God. Pilgrim Press. $1.25 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Anthony, K. Feminism in Germany and Scandinavia. Holt. $1.25 net.
Barnett, Mrs. S. A. Practicable Socialism. New series. Longmans, Green. $1.75 net.
Gowin, E. B. The Executive and His Control of Men. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Hobson, J. A. Towards International Government. Macmillan.
Holmes, A. Backward Children. Bobbs-Merrill. $1 net.
Huidekoper, F. L. The Military Unpreparedness of the United States. Macmillan. $4 net.
Husband, J. America at Work. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Mackaye, P. The New Citizenship. Macmillan. 50 cents net.
Morgan, D. T. Land Credits. Crowell. $1.50 net.
Orth, S. P. The Relation of Government to Property and Industry. Boston: Ginn. $2.25 net.
Scott, M. F. How to Know Your Child. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.25 net.
Taussig, F. W. Inventors and Money-Makers. Macmillan. $1 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Angell, N. The World's Highway. Doran. $1.50 net.
Bennett, A. Over There. Doran. $1.25 net.
Cable, B. Between the Lines. Dutton. $1.35 net.
Crile, G. W. A Mechanistic View of War and Peace. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Epler, P. H. The Life of Clara Barton. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Jordan, J. C. Robert Greene. Columbia University Press.
MacDonald, J. R. M. A History of France. 3 vols. Macmillan. $6 net.
Margo, A. D. V. D. Italy and the European War. (Two political addresses.) Putnam.
Newbolt, H. The Book of the Thin Red Line. Longmans, Green. $1.50 net.
Palmer, J. Rudyard Kipling. Holt. 50 cents net.

TRAVEL.

Johnson, C. Highways and Byways of New England. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

POETRY.

Morris, W. The Pilgrims of Hope and Chants for Socialists. Longmans, Green. 75 cents net.
Neihardt, J. G. The Song of Hugh Glass. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Noyes, A. The Lord of Misrule and Other Poems. Stokes. $1.60 net.
Stephens, J. The Rocky Road to Dublin. Macmillan. $1 net.
The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke. Introduction by G. E. Woodberry and Note by M. Lavington. Lane. $1.25 net.

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Thomas, E. M. The White Messenger. Boston: Badger. 50 cents.

SCIENCE.

Herrick, C. J. An Introduction to Neurology. Philadelphia: Saunders. $1.75 net.
McFarland, J. H. My Growing Garden. Macmillan. $2 net.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Augher, E. Four Plays. Translated from the French by B. H. Clark. New York: Knopf. $1.50 net.
Elson, A. The Book of Musical Knowledge. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50 net.
Plays by Clyde Fitch. 4 volumes. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50 net each.
Whittlesey, W. R., and Sonneck, O. G. Catalogue of First Editions of Stephen C. Foster. Library of Congress. Washington: Government Printing Office.

ART.

Frothingham, A. L. A History of Architecture. Vols. III, IV. Doubleday, Page.

JUVENILE.

Garis, H. R. Uncle Wiggily Longears. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co. $1.50 net.
North, G. M. The Bylow Bunnies. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.

TEXTBOOKS.

Cooper, L. Methods and Aims in the Study of Literature. Boston: Ginn. $1.20.
McLaren, J. A Concise Kaffir-English Dictionary. Longmans, Green. $1 net.
Moffett, E. Lectures Historiques. Heath.

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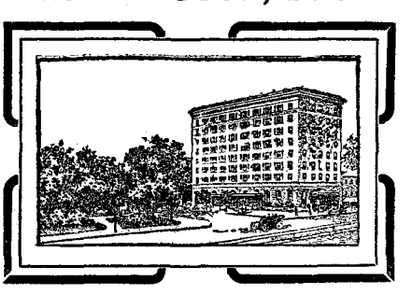

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